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SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

[WHITE.]

—

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOLUME X.

—

TRAGEDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
MACBETH.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PLAYS EDITED FROM THE FOLIO OF MDCXXIII, WITH VARIOUS READINGS FROM ALL THE EDITIONS AND ALL THE COMMENTATORS, NOTES, INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TEXT, AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, A MEMOIR OF THE POET, AND AN ESSAY UPON HIS GENIUS

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE

VOL. X.

BOSTON
LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY
1862.

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ROMEO AND JULIET

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"*AN* EXCELLENT conceited Tragedie *OF* Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of *Hunsdon* his Seruants. LONDON, Printed by Iohn Danter." 1597. 4to. 39 leaves.

"THE MOST excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and *Iuliet*. *Newly corrected, augmented, and amended:* As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. LONDON Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange." 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The same. "As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Printed for Iohn Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall." 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

Romeo and Juliet occupies twenty-five pages in the folio of 1623, viz. from p. 53 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of Tragedies. It is not divided into Acts and Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

INTRODUCTION.

FROM what hidden recesses of the past the story of Romeo and Juliet is derived, and through how many strata it had filtered before it burst forth from Shakespeare's mind a spring of living beauty, it is hardly worth the trouble very curiously to inquire. The incidents of the tale are based upon political and social conditions which existed in Italy in the first half of the fourteenth century; and to that period they are referred by Luigi da Porto, one of its earliest relators, who in the title page of his book assigns the death of the lovers to the time of Bartholomeo della Scala, and by the traditions of Verona, which limit that event more exactly to the year 1303, a time when the family called Della Scala did rule that city.* Some of the leading incidents of the story — the secret marriage, the banishment of the husband, the proposal of second nuptials, and the bride's recourse to a sleeping potion — were originally embodied, as far as we

* Da Porto was a gentleman of Vicenza, who was born in 1485, and died in 1529. The title of the first edition of his book, which is dateless, is, "Istoria nouellamente ritrouata di due nobili amanti: con la loro pietosa morte interuenuta già nella città di Verona, nel tempo del signor Bartholomeo della Scala. Venezia, per Benedetto di Bendoni." — A second edition was published in 1535. In the brief introduction of his novel Da Porto professes to have learned the history of Romeo and Juliet from a Veronese archer named Peregrino, who, in his turn, had heard his father tell it. But, according to the novelist, his informant doubted the truth of the story, because he had read in some chronicle that the Capelletti and Montecchi were of the same faction. Whether Peregrino is a fictitious character or not, the doubt is quite surely Da Porto's; for in his day archers did not read chronicles. That the Capelletti and Montecchi (or Monticoli) were at deadly variance seems, however, to be true. See Alessandro Torri's most thoroughly edited edition of Da Porto's novel, 8vo., Pisa, 1831, pp. xiv.–xviii. 56–63, and, also, *Su la pietosa morte di Giulia Cappelletti e Romeo Montecchi Lettere Critiche de Filippo Scolari*, 8vo., Livorno, 1831, pp. 7, 8, and *passim*.

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know, in the twenty-third novel of Massucio's collection, published at Naples in 1476.* But Da Porto's narrative — in which the Capelletti and Montecchi first appear; in which Verona is first made the scene, and its civil broils the disastrous element, of the tragedy; in which the lovers are first called *Romeo* and *Giulietta*, and have their first meeting at a feast given by *Giulietta's* father, their second in his garden, and their last in the tomb of her ancestors; and in which *Mercutio*, *Tibaldo*, and the *Nurse* first take part in the action — is justly regarded as the original relation of what the whole world knows as the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. That narrative corresponds with Shakespeare's play, except as to the catastrophe, in which Da Porto represents *Juliet* as waking from her trance before the death of *Romeo*.

But Shakespeare did not go to Da Porto for his story. After his usual manner, he took what lay nearer at hand. The loves of Romeo and Juliet, with their tragic end, as Da Porto had related them, were retold by Matteo Bandello in the ninth novel of the second part of his collection, published in 1554;† and Bandello's version was translated into French (with a variation in the catastrophe before alluded to, and of which more hereafter) by Pierre Boisteau, whose translation forms a part of a book known as Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*. Boisteau's French version was translated into English, and published by William Paynter as part of the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, which appeared in 1567.‡ Five years previous to this date, however, the story of Romeo and Juliet had been given to the English public in the form of a poem by Arthur Brooke.§

* See Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, Vol. II. p. 93, Philad. ed. I cannot regard Douce's endeavor (*Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. II. p. 108) to trace this story to the Greek romance of Xenophon of Ephesus as other than an ingenious perversion of recondite learning.

† "La prima (la seconda et la terza) parte de le novelle del Bandello. Lucca, per il Burdrago." 1554. 3 vols. 4to.

‡ That Paynter translated the translation of Boisteau I am able to state only on the authority of Steevens' assertion, repeated by Malone and Mr. Collier. For, although Masuccio's, Da Porto's, and Bandello's novels are at my hand, I have not met with a copy of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques;* and I can find no notice of its publication at an earlier date than 1580, under the following title: "Histoires tragiques extraites des œuvres italiennes de Bandel, et mises en langue françoise; les six Ires par P. Boiastuau surnommé Launay, et les suivantes par Fr. de Belleforest. Paris, Jean de Bordeaux. 1580." 7 vols. 16mo. Unless there was an earlier edition either of Belleforest's collection or Boisteau's six *Histoires* by themselves, (of which I can discover no evidence,) here is a conflict of dates.

§ "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Iuliet, written first in Italian by

Brooke implies rather than asserts, in the title and in certain passages of his poem, that he made his translation from the Italian of Bandello. But the correspondence between the catastrophe of the story as he tells it and that of Boisteau's version, taken in connection with certain minute verbal resemblances which have been discovered between the two works, supports Malone's opinion that Brooke, like Paynter, translated from the French translation rather than the Italian original.

Upon these two English versions of this touching story, but chiefly upon Brooke's poem, the following tragedy is based, as all students of Shakespearian literature well know. It is possible that an English play founded upon the incidents of the Italian tale had been produced before the birth of Shakespeare.* For Brooke says, in the Address to the Reader which precedes his poem, "Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe) yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes to consider it, which hath the more incouraged me to publishe it, such as it is." This seems to be a very unmistakable assertion that Brooke had seen a dramatic version of the story of Romeo and Juliet played. But yet, as Brooke has not stated in what country the play to which he refers was represented, it seems difficult to withhold assent from Boswell's remark that "the rude state of our drama prior to 1562 renders it improbable that it was in England." But, again, it must be confessed that the tone of Brooke's apology for his poem, and his assertion that he had seen its argument "*lately* set forth" upon the stage, seem to imply that the performance to which he refers took place in England, rather than beyond "the narrow seas." And this supposition is in accordance with the fact, to which there is abundant contemporary testimony, that the story of Romeo and Juliet was well known in England by the middle of the sixteenth century, and was even then a subject for illustration upon painted cloths. Be this as it may, there are sufficient grounds for the opinion, universally received among Shakespearian schol-

Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br. In ædibus Richardi Tottelli. Cum Privilegio." 4to. 1562.—Reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

* See Walker's *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, p. 50, ed. 1799, for an account of one by Luigi Groto, with which the author supposes, on very slender grounds, that Shakespeare was acquainted.

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ars, that *Romeo and Juliet* was not formed directly upon a play precedent to Brooke's poem and Paynter's tale, and that in the dramatization of the story the poem was preferred as a guide to the prose version in the *Palace of Pleasure*. This point Malone first established by the following comparison of correspondent passages, incidents, and characters in the tragedy, the prose tale, and the poem: —

"1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus;* so also in the play. — In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala;* and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of *Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches;* in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance is in Painter's translation called *Anselmo:* in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca;* in the poem and in the play, *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of Romeo and Juliet appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence."

As to the construction of his tragedy, the characters and incidents, Shakespeare must have said to himself, like the greatest of his successors, —

"— you writer of plays,
Here's a story made to your hand."

For the tragedy follows the poem with a faithfulness which might be called slavish, were it not that any variation from the course of the old story was entirely unnecessary for the sake of dramatic interest, and were there not shown in the progress of the action, in the modification of one character, and in the disposal of another, all peculiar to the play, self-reliant dramatic intuition of the highest order. For the rest, there is not a personage or a situation, hardly a speech, essential to Brooke's poem, which has not its counterpart — its exalted and glorified counterpart — in the tragedy. To mention every point of correspondence between the poem and the play, would be to recount here the entire progress of the story in both, accompanied by a

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description of the characters: — a needless labor, since the parallel is so exact, even would it not require more space than can be given to it in these introductory remarks.* Suffice it here to observe, that in the poem we find even Romeo's invisible and soon-forgotten mistress, the remorseless Rosaline, though without her name; Friar Lawrence, addicted to study

"What force the stones, the plants and metals have to woorke
And divers others things that in the bowels of the earth do loorke;"

the Nurse, greedy, garrulous, gross, and faithless, just as we find her in the play; the Apothecary, whom, by "his heavy countenance," *Romeo* "gessed to be poore,"

"And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe
And in his window of his wares there was so small a shewe;"

Tibalt, "best exercised in feates of armes;" and even Friar John, who, seeking to be "accompanide by one of his profession," enters a house whence, to carry his brother Lawrence's letter to *Romeo*,

"he might not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague."

And not only have such minor characters and incidents of the play their germs or counterparts in the old story, but even such incidental passages as the soliloquy uttered by *Juliet*, terror-stricken at her imagination of what might await her in her kinsmen's vault if she should take the Friar's potion, and that other soliloquy, in which she so passionately calls on Night and *Romeo* to come to her. In brief, *Romeo and Juliet* owes to Shakespeare only its dramatic form and its poetic decoration. But what an exception is the latter! It is to say that the earth owes to the sun only its verdure and its flowers, the air only its perfume and its balm, the heavens only their azure and their glow. Yet this must not lead us to forget that the original tale is one of the most truthful and touching among the few that have entranced the ear and stirred the heart of the world for ages, or that in Shakespeare's transfiguration of it his fancy and his youthful fire had a much larger share than his philosophy or his imagination.

The only variations from the story in the play are the three which have just been alluded to. — The compression of the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, to within

* The reader curious to see such a comparison will find it made in Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare; Enquiries*, &c., London, 1824, Vol. I. p. 290 to p. 317

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as many days, thus adding impetuosity to a passion which had only depth, and enhancing dramatic effect by quickening truth to vividness; — the conversion of *Mercutio* from a mere "courtier," "bolde emong the bashfull maydes," "courteous of his speech and pleasant of devise," into that splendid union of the knight and the fine gentleman, in portraying which Shakespeare, with prophetic eye piercing a century, shows us the fire of faded chivalry expiring in a flash of wit; — and the bringing in of *Paris* (forgotten in the story after his bridal disappointment) to die at *Juliet's* bier by the hand of *Romeo*, thus gathering together all the threads of this love entanglement to be cut at once by Fate.

The condition in which the text of *Romeo and Juliet* has come down to us brings up some very interesting questions. Like that of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Henry the Fifth*, the Second and the Third Parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and *Hamlet*, it exists in two versions. The earlier of these is not only corrupt in itself and much briefer than the later, but has peculiarities which are due neither to corruption nor to accidental omission, and the variations from which in the later version are in many instances manifestly the result of the substitution of one text for another. A consideration of the relations, the authority, and the value of these two versions (the later of which comes to us under the authority of Shakespeare's fellow-actors) involves, therefore, an inquiry into the manner in which the earlier was published, the character of the difference between the two, and, it will be found, even the authorship of the play as it was first produced.

The first version was published in 1597: the second appeared in 1599, with the announcement that it was "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." The latter text was printed in at least three distinct editions before the appearance of the folio of 1623; and it is especially worthy of remark that neither on the title page of any one of these, nor on that of their predecessor, did Shakespeare's name appear, although in 1599 he was in high repute as a dramatic writer, and in 1598, if not before, this play was known to be his, as we learn from the often cited passage in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, published in that year. The later version being nearly one fourth longer than the earlier, and it having been announced as "corrected, *augmented*, and amended," the opinion naturally obtained that the difference between the two versions was due to a revision and elaboration of the play as at first written. This opinion has been generally supposed to be sustained by the manner in which the changes and even the

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augmentations appear to have been worked into the first text, or rather elaborated from it, and also by the maturer and more philosophical cast of thought which those who entertain this view fancy they can detect in the additions. Much critical delight has been expressed at the opportunity afforded by these two versions of following Shakespeare's perfecting hand; and perhaps there is some reason to believe that in a few passages it may be traced. But that the difference between the two versions is due entirely, or even in a great degree, to mere elaboration — that is, the recasting and perfecting by the Shakespeare of 1598 or 1599 of work from the hands of the Shakespeare a few years younger — a comparison of the two, or even a careful examination of the earlier, would seem to forbid us to believe. Such a study of the two versions has led me to the opinion that the earlier represents imperfectly a composition not entirely Shakespeare's, and that the difference between the two is owing partly to the rejection by him of the work of a colaborer, partly to the surreptitious and inadequate means by which the copy for the earlier edition was obtained, and partly, perhaps, but in a very much less degree, to Shakespeare's elaboration of what he himself had written.*

* Here follow the principal passages which are found in the perfect, but not in the imperfect, version of the play. After a careful comparison of them with those passages which are common to both versions, I admit that I cannot detect the slightest trace of those "differences in judgment, differences in cast of thought, differences in poetical power," which Mr. Knight sees and regards as evidences of the growth of Shakespeare's mind, or of "that condensed and suggestive cast of language" or "that solemn melody of rhythm" which Mr. Verplanck finds in the added passages, and which (they existing) he justly sets forth as indications of the development of Shakespeare's genius.

"*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the further east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?" Act I. Sc. 1.

"*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss my making me despair:

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And first as to the surreptitious procurement of the copy for

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt." *Ibid.*

"*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men." Act I. Sc. 3.

"*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull wo:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down." Act I. Sc. 4.

"*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir.
Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?
Nurse. Is your man secret? Did your ne'er hear say —
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady, — lord, lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man: but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

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the earlier edition.* This, of course, is only to be inferred from

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*
Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!" Act II. Sc. 4.

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night! — come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse." Act III. Sc. 2

"Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them b th,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence." Act III. Sc. 3.

Let the reader who desires to form his own judgment upon this point compare the passages above with the following, which are found both in the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599: "Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun," Act I. Sc. 1; "She is the fairies' midwife," Act I. Sc. 4; "O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright," Act I. Sc. 5, to the end of the Scene; "He jests at scars," &c., Act II. Sc. 1, to *Romeo's* exit; "Wilt thou begone," &c., Act III. Sc. 5, to *Romeo's* exit. And besides these there are the numerous passages which in the second quarto are much longer than in the first by the addition of lines and parts of lines interspersed throughout them, and where it is evident that the added matter is not new cloth in old garments, but that the fabric is all of a piece.

* Mr. Collier advanced the opinion, in his Introduction to this play in his

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internal evidence. If the text of the first edition were perfect in itself, the fact that the text of the second is nearly one quarter longer would only sustain the assertion on the title page of that edition, that the play had been augmented. But this is not the case. The text of the first edition, although not so mutilated as that of the first edition of *Henry the Fifth*, or even as that of the first edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is so often incoherent that its great corruption is manifest upon its face; and, on a comparison of the corrupted passages with the text of the second edition, the corruption, in most instances, seems unmistakably due to *an imperfect representation of that text*, and not to mere typographical or clerical errors in the printing or transcribing of another and a briefer.

Thus, in the passage (Act I. Sc. 3) in which the *Nurse* tells of *Juliet's* fall the day before she was weaned, *Lady Capulet's* speech, beginning, "Enough of this," and the *Nurse's* reply, are not found in the quarto of 1597; the cause apparently being that the latter speech ends in the same words as the former, "it stinted and said, Ay," which misled the transcriber of the notes taken at the performance. — Just below, in the same Scene, *Juliet*, being asked if she can "like of Paris love," replies, "I'll look to like, if looking liking move," &c. But why should she at that time say, "I'll *look* to like"? The quarto of 1597 gives no occasion for this reply of *Juliet's*, simply because it omits *Lady Capulet's* immediately preceding speech of sixteen lines, beginning, —

> "What say you? can you love the gentleman?
> To-night you shall *behold him* at our feast."

This speech and the *Nurse's* reply to it were plainly a part of the text before the printing of the quarto of 1597. — In the famous balcony Scene (Act II. Sc. 2) we find the following passage in the first quarto: —

> "Three wordes goode Romeo and good night indeed.
> If that thy bent of love be honourable
> Thy purpose marriage, send me word tomorrow
> By one that I'll procure to come to thee
> Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,

edition of Shakespeare's works, 1843, Vol. VI., that the manuscript used by the printers for the first quarto edition "was made up partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly [*sic*] obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation."

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And al my fortunes at thy foote Il'e lay
And follow thee my Lord through out the world.
Ro. Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from their bookes,
But loue from loue, to school with heauie lookes.
Jul. Romeo, Romeo *O for a falkners voice*
To lure [*t*]*his Tassell gentle backe againe.*"

But *Romeo* was there; her tassel gentle had not taken wing. Such, at least, is the case according to this text, where there is no farewell, no reason apparent why *Juliet* should suddenly find her lover out of sight, and almost out of reach of her voice. We see that Shakespeare never could have written thus; and our difficulty is cleared up by finding that the quarto of 1599 reads as follows; — all the words in brackets having been omitted from the text of the previous edition, accidentally beyond a doubt, there being here no other variation whatever between them.

"And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my L. throughout the world:
[Madam.
I come anon: — But if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee, —
Madam.
(by and by I come)
To cease thy suit, and *leave me to my griefe:*
To-morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soul, —
Ju. *A thousand times good night!*
Ro. *A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.* —]
Loue goes toward loue, as schooleboys from their books,
But loue from loue, toward schoole with heauie looke.
Ju. Hist Romeo, hist, — O, for a falkner's voyce,
To lure this Tassel gentle back againe!"

— Again, when *Romeo*, in the fourth Scene of Act II., makes the appointment at *Friar Lawrence*' cell, he says in the quarto of 1597, "Bid her get leave *to-morrow morning* to come to shrift," &c., and the *Nurse* replies, "to-morrow morning," but in the quarto of 1599 he says, "Bid her devise some means to come to shrift *this afternoon*," and the *Nurse* replies, "this afternoon." Now this variation is not the result of a correction by the author of a slip of memory; for in *both* versions it is but a

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few lines below, though in the next Scene, that we learn from *Juliet's* soliloquy that the *Nurse* was sent at nine in the morning, that she was slow on her errand, and that on her return *Juliet* was to go directly to the *Friar's*. The error is the result of forgetfulness or carelessness on the part of the person who provided the manuscript for the first edition. That such was the origin of this discrepancy, appears yet further by a speech of *Romeo's*, according to the first quarto, just after he enters the *Friar's* cell. Conforming to its previous appointment of the morning for the marriage, this text makes *Romeo* say, "This *morning* here she 'pointed we should meet." But this consistency operates rather against than in favor of the Shakespearian origin of the other passages in which this word appears; for any person of ordinary poetic apprehension and discrimination, on reading the whole of the latter speech, will see clearly and at once that it is none of Shakespeare's. Thus it runs: —

> "This morning here she pointed we should meet,
> And consumate those neuer parting bands
> Witnes of our harts loue by joyning hands,
> And come she will."

Who will believe that this dribble of tame sense and feeble rhythm was written by the same man who (according to the same edition) had written in the first Scene of the play the following passage, and others like it? —

> "Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
> Peept through the golden window of the East,
> A troubled thought drew me from companie:
> Where vnderneath the grove [of] Sicamoure
> That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,
> So early walking might I see your sonne," &c.

— Again, when, in the second Scene of Act III., *Juliet* exclaims, according to the same quarto of 1597, —

> "But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
> That villaine Cousen would have kild my husband
> *All this is comfort*. But there yet," &c., —

we naturally ask, All what is comfort? There is no reply short of the quarto of 1599, where we find these lines interposed between the second and third of those above: —

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"Backe foolish teares, back to your natiue spring;
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to ioy.
My husband liues, that Tybalt would have slaine;
And Tybalts dead, *that would haue slain my husband!*"

And there we see what *Juliet's* comfort was. — But to look at the very next speech and the reply to it in the quarto of 1597: *Juliet* having asked where her father and her mother are, the *Nurse* replies, —

"Weeping and wayling over Tybalt's coarse
Will you goe to them?"

and *Juliet* answers, —

"I, I, [Ay, ay,] *when theirs are spent*
Mine shall be shed," &c.

When what are spent? What shall be shed? Where is the antecedent of "theirs"? We find it only in the quarto of 1599, in which the passage appears thus: —

"Where is my father and my mother nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wayling ouer Tibalts course,
Will you go to them? I will bring them thither.
Jul. *Wash they his wounds with teares?* mine shall be spent," &c.

Manifestly the words in italic letter are a forgotten or lost part of the very text which the quarto of 1597 sought to give.

Passing by, for the sake of necessary brevity, many like instances of clearly imperfect representation of the authorized version of the play in the earliest edition, we come to this one in Act IV. Sc. 5. *Capulet* says to *Paris*, —

"O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride: — there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded — I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's!"

The person who provided the copy for the edition of 1597 was either unable to set down the last two lines and a half, or could not remember their phraseology well enough to imitate them.

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But he did not forget their purport, and he "lumped it" after this fashion: —

"Death is my Sonne in Law, *to him I giue all that I haue.*"

In the quarto of 1597, a part of *Romeo's* recollective soliloquy about the apothecary appears in this extraordinary guise: —

"As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an Aligarta hangs,
Old ends of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show."

Our wonder at Shakespeare's ever describing an apothecary's shop as stuffed with beggarly accounts of empty boxes is at an end when we have traced the reporter's confusion through the text of the authentic copy, and see how he was led to stuff the shop instead of the alligator, and to jumble the traits and conditions of the two together.

"Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his *needie shop* a tortoyes hung,
An allegater *stuft*, and other skins
Of ill shapte fishes; and about his shelves
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew."

Again, when, in the last Scene of the play, *Capulet*, according to the first quarto, exclaims, —

"See wife, this dagger hath mistooke:
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong Mountague
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast," —

we are at loss to understand the phrase, 'the backe is emptie, and no less to discern what connection there is between the empty back of *Romeo* and the dagger in the breast of *Juliet*. But the quarto of 1599 helps us out of our trouble by giving us what the publisher of the first edition sought to give, but was prevented by a confusion in the notes from which his text was transcribed.

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"O heauens! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath mistane, for loe *his house*
Is emptie on the back of Mountague
And is missheathd in my daughters bosome."

That the text of the first quarto (1597) is, in a great measure at least, but a corrupted version of that of the second, (1599,) which was announced as "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," and upon which the text of this play in all subsequent editions has been based, seems clear from the comparison just made between the two. That the corruption is not due to the printers, those careless causes of so much of our editorial toil, there is evidence almost equally unmistakable upon the pages of the earlier and corrupt edition. This exists in the stage directions, which in the first quarto of this play are of a very singular character, and were quite surely not taken from a manuscript copy of the play furnished by the author, or surreptitiously obtained from the theatre, but written down by a person who saw the play passing before his eyes as he wrote, or who called up before his mind's eye a memory of the action.

Stage directions are what their name very exactly expresses. They are directions for the stage, and not for readers. They instruct the actors about their exits and their entrances, and the more important of those other movements without a regulation of which stage business could not go on. They are usually brief in terms, and mandatory in tone: directions to an individual, not explanations to an audience or a reader. If the actor obey, the audience will need no explanation; and these remarks are especially true of the plays of our early stage, which were not written to be read, but to be acted. Now, in the first complete edition of *Romeo and Juliet* (the quarto of 1599) we have a certain kind of particularity which we do not find in those of the previous and incomplete edition, (the quarto of 1597.) Thus, in the first Scene the latter gives us only "*Enter* 2 *seruing-men of the Capolets*," but the former, "*Enter* Sampson *and* Gregorie, *with swords and bucklers of the house of* Capulet." — Farther on in the same Scene we have in the first edition this one general direction: "*They* [the serving-men] *draw, to them enters* Tybalt, *they fight, to them the* Prince, *old* Mountague *and his wife, old* Capulet *and*

* For other evidence as to this point, see the Notes on "Why rail'st thou on thy birth," &c., Act. III. Sc. 3, and "I will be brief," &c., Act V. Sc 3.

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his wife, and other citizens, and part them:" but in the second and complete edition we find, as the action advances, at each step these separate directions: "*Enter* Benvolio," "*They fight*," "*Enter* Tibalt," "*Enter three or foure citizens with clubs or partysons*," "*Enter old* Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife*," "*Enter old* Mountague *and his wife*," "*Enter prince* Eskales, *with his traine.*" Again, in Act I. Sc. 4 we read, in the imperfect edition, "*Enter Maskers, with* Romeo *and a Page;*" but in the second, "*Enter* Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, *with five or six other maskers, torch bearers:*" and in Act II. Sc. 3 in the former, "*Enter Friar* Francis;" but in the latter, "*Enter the* Friar *with a basket.*" Not to continue this comparison, it is to be observed that it is only in the directions of the second quarto (1599) that we find that kind of particularity which is necessary for stage purposes. It would do for the readers of the play to know that two serving-men entered, that *Tybalt*, and the Prince, and old *Capulet* and *Montague*, and their wives, and some citizens, came on and parted the combatants, and that some Maskers came on with *Romeo* and a page, &c., &c. But for the actors, and the prompter, and the property man, it was necessary to know that the serving-men were *Sampson* and *Gregory*, and that they were to carry swords and bucklers, that the citizens should carry clubs and partisans, that old *Capulet* should wear his gown, that Prince *Escalus* should be accompanied by his train, and that *Romeo* should be accompanied not only by *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*, but by torch bearers, and that the *Friar* should carry a basket. But, as we look on further, we find, in Act II. Sc. 4, that when *Mercutio* delivers the stanza, "An old hare hoar," &c., there is no stage direction in the perfect edition; for none was necessary; the manner in which it was to be done being left, of course, to the taste and skill of the actor. In the imperfect quarto of 1597, however, we find, "*He walkes by them and sings;*" and thus we have a contemporary record of the manner in which Shakespeare's first *Mercutio* played this passage. So just below in the same Scene, when the *Nurse* says to *Peter*, "And thou must stand by, too," &c., there is no stage direction in the perfect copy; for there was no occasion for any; but the observation of the person who furnished the copy for the first edition is recorded in the stage direction, utterly needless even to a reader, "*She turnes to* Peter, *her man.*" Of like character are the following directions which appear in the quarto of 1597, in passages where that of 1599 has none or the baldest order for an

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exit or an entrance: Act II. Sc. 6, "*Enter* Juliet *somewhat fast, and embraceth* Romeo;" Act III. Sc. 1, "Tibalt *under* Romeo's *arme thrusts* Mercutio *in, and flyes,*" where the second quarto has only, "*Away* Tybalt;" Act III. Sc. 2, "*Enter* Nurse *wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap,*" where the second quarto has only, "*Enter* Nurse *with cordes;*" Act III. Sc. 3, "*He offers to stab himselfe, and* Nurse *snatches the dagger away,*" and in the same Scene, just before the *Nurse* gives *Romeo Juliet's* ring, "Nurse *offers to goe in, and turnes againe,*" in neither of which situations is there any stage direction in the second quarto. To abbreviate a dry comparison as much as possible, we note these other passages: —

"*Par.* These times of woe affoord no time to wooe
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.
Paris *offers to goe in, and* Capolet *calls him againe.*"
Act III. Sc. 4.

"*Nur.* I will and this is wisely done.
Shee lookes after Nurse.
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most cursed fiend!" &c.
Act III. Sc. 5.

"*Jul.* Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee.
She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines."
Act IV. Sc. 3.

"*Cap.* Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates
Let us together taste this bitter fate.
They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens."
Act IV. Sc. 5.

"*Fr.* Then I must goe: my mind presageth ill.
Fryer *stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*
What blood is this," &c. Act V. Sc. 3.

Now these directions in the first quarto are not properly stage directions; for those apply equally to all actors, whoever they may be, that appear in the Scenes in which they are set down. These, on the contrary, show with what particular action certain players played the passages in which they appear; and they are clearly the records, either on the spot or from memory, of what was seen by the person who wrote them down.

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The traces of another hand than Shakespeare's that have attracted my attention in the earlier version of this play are not many, but they seem to me quite unmistakable. The first that I noticed is the entire sixth Scene of Act II., a part of which I have already referred to. In the quarto of 1597 this Scene appears as follows. It will be observed that the variations from the later version are of the most material nature; or, rather, that the whole Scene was rewritten, and but a few lines of the earlier version were retained.

"*Rom.* Now father Lawrence, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and Juliet.
Fr. *Without more words I will doo all I may,*
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom. *This morning here she pointed we should meet,*
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts love by ioyning hands,
And come she will.
Fr. *I gesse she will indeed,*
Youths love is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet *somewhat fast, and embraceth* Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of love and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Iuliet welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Cloased in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,
And thou art come.
Jul. I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom. *All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.*
Jul. *Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.*
Fr. Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe.
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church have joynd ye both in one.
Rom. *Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.*
Jul. *Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.*
Fr. O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way."

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The change made upon the revision was not in all respects for the better. In the *Friar's* second speech the line, —

"So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower," —

contains a daintier and more graceful, and therefore, it would seem, a more appropriate, figure than —

"so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint," —

although the three lines that follow these last have a fancy and a rhythm peculiarly Shakespearian; and, again, *Juliet's* reply —

"I am, if I be day,
Come to my sun: shine forth, and make me fair" —

has a touch of poetry more exquisite and more dramatic than is to be found in the rewritten Scene, which, unmistakably Shakespeare's, is not of Shakespeare's best. Of the remainder of this Scene those passages which are printed above in italic letter will, I think, hardly be attributed to Shakespeare at any period of his career, by readers of discrimination who are well acquainted with his works and those of his elder contemporaries. They are too tame, feeble, and formal, both in rhythm and sense, to have ever been written by him for the stage. — Another passage which seems to be not of a piece with the body of the play is the following, from the fifth Scene of Act IV.: —

"*Par.* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face
And doth it now present such prodegies?
Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,
Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:
Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.
Distrest, remediles and unfortunate.
O heavens O nature, wherefore did you make me,
To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.
Cap. O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.
All cry. And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.
Cap. Cruel, vnjust, impartiall destinies,
Why to this day have you preseru'd my life?
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,
Depriude of sence, of life, of all by death,
Cruell, vnjust, impartiall destinies.

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Cap. O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,
Why this sad time have I desird to see.
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,
To be depriude by suddaine destinie.
Moth. O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?
To see this day, this miserable day.
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.
To be partaker of this destinie.
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay."

Here again the entire passage was rewritten for the second version, the order of the speeches changed, and the respective prominence of the characters in the Scene modified. But, although a hint was plainly taken from the old version for an antiphonal expression of woe which should caricature the style in which the poets in vogue in Shakespeare's boyhood wrote such scenes, (the shallow natures, formal habits, and conventional notions of the characters upon the stage in this Scene affording the dramatist an opportunity for such a caricature without violation of dramatic propriety,) yet the purposely commonplace character of the lamentations in the later version seems to me not plainer than that the bathos of the earlier is the result of a hopeless and ambitious flight at lofty sentiment. In this passage also the lines in italic letter cannot be accepted as the fruits even of Shakespeare's earliest dramatic years.

There are various other passages in which I think that I detect here and there the vestiges of a predecessor of our author; but I shall notice only two others, and they are of a different character from those that I have cited above. In Act V. Scene 3 we find this passage in the quarto of 1597: —

"*Enter* Fryer *with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged feete
Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.
Whose there?
Man. A frend and one that knowes you well.
Fr. Who is it that consorts so late the dead,
What light is yon? if I be not deceiued,
Me thinks it burnes in Capels monument?
Man. It doth so, holy Sir, and there is one
That loves you dearly.

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Fr. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fr. How long hath he beene there?
Man. Full halfe an houre and more.
Fr. Goe with me thether.
Man. I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:
On paine of death he chargde me to be gone,
And not *for to* disturbe him in his enterprize.
Fr. Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.
Fryer *stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*
What bloud is this that staines the entrance
Of this marble stony monument?
What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?
Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what Romeo dead?
Who and Paris too? what vnluckie houre
Is accessary to so foule a sinne?
The Lady sturres."

A comparison of these lines with those which correspond to them in the authentic text* will make it clear, I think, tc any

* For the convenience of the reader they are here given.

"*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? — Who's there?
Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond' that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? As I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; — Fear comes upon me:
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo? [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? [*Enters the Monument*
Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris too?

student of this subject that the former are merely an imperfect and garbled presentation of the latter. The first compared with the second seems as fair water might seem after it had passed through some medium which absorbed part of it and fouled the rest. The other passage, and the last that I shall notice, is the following, from the *Friar's* confession in the last Scene of the tragedy.

> "But he that had my Letters (Frier John)
> Seeking a Brother to associate him,
> Whereas the sicke infection remaind
> Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
> But Romeo vnderstanding by his man
> That Iuliet was deceasde, returnde in post
> Unto Verona *for to* see his love.
> What after happened touching Paris death,
> Or Romeos is to me vnknowne at all.
> But, when I came to take the Lady hence,
> I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
> Whom faine I would have taken from the tombe,
> Which she refused seeing Romeo dead."

It is quite possible that these lines were a part of the *Friar's* speech as it was first written; for the speech was plainly enough rewritten for the revised version of the play.* But, if they were a part of the original speech, that speech was very surely not written by Shakespeare; as every reader who sympathizes with my appreciation of Shakespeare's flow of thought and verse will at once decide. They seem to me, however, to be different in kind from the rest of the speech in the quarto of 1597, as well as inferior to it; while that speech, as a whole, is decidedly inferior to its counterpart in the corrected and augmented quarto of 1599. These two passages last cited appear to be the production of some verse-monger who attempted to supply deficiencies in the copy surreptitiously procured for the publisher of the first quarto. In the attempt to decide questions of this kind, opinion must, of necessity, seem arbitrary, perhaps be so. A signature is pronounced to be a forgery because, in the opinion of an

> And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind hour
> Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —
> The lady stirs. [Juliet *wakes and stirs.*"

* The entire speech as it appears in the quarto of 1597 will be found in the Notes to this edition.

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expert, or of a person familiar with the genuine writing, it is spurious. I point out one particular line among those last quoted which it is quite impossible to accept as Shakespeare's —

"Whereas the sick infection remain'd;"

and I direct the reader's attention to the phrase 'for to' in both these passages, which I have in vain sought for in the authentic text of any of Shakespeare works.*

Assuming that the positions above taken have been maintained, we find some noteworthy correspondences between *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Henry the Sixth* in the condition of their text and the internal evidence as to the manner in which they were produced. That is, we find in the case of the tragedy, as in that of the history, two editions differing very greatly, and with evident purpose, in the language of certain passages, while in the language of other passages, as well as in characters, plot, and succession of scenes, they correspond exactly; and we find that the passages of the earlier edition which were rewritten for the second have not the traits of Shakespeare's style, but those of the inferior or the elder writers among his contemporaries. We notice, too, the occurrence of a phrase in the rejected passages which was used in Shakespeare's day, although it was then beginning to fall out of vogue, but which he, according to the evidence of the authentic editions of his works, seems to have sedulously avoided; and we find, also, in the case of the tragedy, as in that of the history, that not only was the first edition published without his name as the author, though at a time when he was in high repute as a dramatist and a poet, but that in none of the three subsequent editions published during his life was it at-

* See the Essay on the Authorship of *King Henry the Sixth*, p. 431. — I here remark that Boswell cited *Benvolio's* account of the fatal encounter between *Romeo* and *Tybalt* in the quarto of 1597 (See the Notes to Act III. Sc. 1) in support of opinion that the story of Romeo and Juliet had been put into dramatic form in England before Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, and that some remains of the work of Shakespeare's predecessor are still to be traced in the earliest quarto. But, if the reader will compare this speech (See the Notes to this edition) with that in the revised and augmented version, I think that he will agree with me that it is but another of those passages already alluded to in which an inferior writer attempted to supply deficiencies in the report of the genuine speech. At least, it is not the work of any "predecessor" of Shakespeare.

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tributed to him. But by the side of these points of resemblance we have to place these two of important difference: the direct testimony of Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, that in 1598 Shakespeare was known to him as the author of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the fact that no unimportant part of the variation of the two versions of the tragedy from each other is manifestly due to an imperfect representation of the later by the earlier — caused in some passages by the unmitigated failure in the memory, or defect in the notes, of the person who undertook to provide the manuscript copy for the printer of that version, in others by the attempt by an inferior writer to remedy such deficiencies.

From these circumstances I draw the following conclusion, or, rather, opinion, for which I cannot ask the consideration due to logical proof from well-established premises, but which amounts in my own mind to absolute conviction: That the *Romeo and Juliet* which has come down to us (for there may have been an antecedent play upon the same story) was first written by two or more play-wrights, of whom Shakespeare was one; that subsequently Shakespeare rewrote this old play, of which he was part author, making his principal changes in the passages that were contributed by his co-laborers, irrespective of the merit of what he rejected, (See the remarks above upon Sc. 6 of Act II.); that the play was so successful in this form as to create at once an urgent demand for an edition of it, which John Danter undertook to supply; and that, as the players were of course unwilling that the public should be enabled to enjoy their new play without going to the theatre, Danter obtained, by the aid of a reporter, who perhaps had some connection with the play in its previous form, a very imperfect and garbled copy of Shakespeare's new work, the defects in which were supplied partly by some of the many verse-mongers ever ready in those days to do such jobs, and partly from the old play, in the composition of which Shakespeare was but one of two or more co-laborers. This play may itself have been intended to supply the place in the popular regard of the one to which Arthur Brooke refers in the Address preceding his poem, although its authors went not to that play, but to the poem, (full of detail as they found it,) for the incidents, and even for hints for some of the dialogue and the soliloquies, of their work. And so, when Shakespeare's tragedy brought the story of *Romeo and Juliet* into new and greater favor, — made a sensation, as the managers and publishers say now-a-days, — it was not printed

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as his, because a play of *Romeo and Juliet* identical with it in plot and incident was already well known to the public. The new play was merely what the title page announced it (not with strict truth) to be — Romeo and Juliet *as it was played by the Lord of Hunsdon's Servants.* If the name of any author was connected with the old *Romeo and Juliet*, which is by no means certain, it is not improbable that there were two or three persons known to the public as having claims upon its authorship; and, according to the estimate of dramatic labor at the end of the sixteenth century, a rewriting like that in question would hardly have been regarded as giving Shakespeare so absolute a claim upon the play in its new form as to make it necessary, or, perhaps, even prudent, for the printer to attribute this much-applauded performance exclusively to him. All the more would he probably have refrained from using Shakespeare's name, because of the very much garbled and interpolated condition of the text which, in his piratical haste, he was obliged to publish.*

* Those who have read much upon the subject of our old dramatic literature will not have a moment's doubt as to the feasibility of the mode in which it is supposed that the copy for the mutilated editions of Shakespeare's plays was obtained and made up, or as to the probability that it was adopted. But as by far the greater number of my readers are persons whose hours of literary leisure have been passed in more pleasant and profitable departments of letters, I think that they will be interested, and perhaps convinced, by an instance which shows that at this very day popular plays are surreptitiously obtained, and garbled and interpolated by inferior hands, just as I have endeavored to prove was the case with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*. The circumstances attracted my attention only while the proofs of this Introduction were passing through my hands; and they cannot be set forth for our purposes more effectively than they are in the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. Dion Bourcicault to the *New York Tribune*, and published in that journal for April 25, 1860. I have emphasized the most apposite passages, and cancelled the lady's name. Mr. Bourcicault says, —

"In February last Miss ——— came to Laura Keene's Theatre, and witnessed my drama, 'Jeanie Deans.' The following night she came *accompanied by a secretary, provided with writing materials.* They sat side by side in the orchestra stalls, and, under Miss ———'s dictation and direction, *certain writings were done.* The performers upon the stage drew my attention to the fact I omit their comments upon it.

'A few weeks afterwards Miss ——— announced at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, a new play, called 'The Heart of Midlothian, or Jeanie Deans,' written by herself. I had already engaged to play my drama at the Arch Street Theatre, in that city. . . . I received the following letter from Mr. Wheatley.

"'My dear Sir: Last Friday night I visited the Walnut Street Theatre, and witnessed the performance of "The Heart of Midlothian, or Jeanie Deans." This piece is, with the exception of the opening scenes, your drama, "Jeanie

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But what was to the general public of that day only *Romeo and Juliet* (the old common property of the stage) in the form in which it was acted by the Lord of Hunsdon's Servants, was to a man of culture and discrimination like Francis Meres an original work which gave Shakespeare the rank among English dramatists that Plautus and Seneca took among the Latins. And so he, writing doubtless in 1597, or at least about what he had learned in that year, although his *Palladis Tamia* was not published till 1598, attributes this play directly to Shakespeare.

Deans," which I saw at Laura Keene's Theatre, in New York, last January. *The language has been slightly altered here and there, but the work is the same.*

"'Under these circumstances I must withdraw the offer I made you to guarantee you two thousand dollars for the performances of "Jeanie Deans" at the Arch. *I do not desire to produce any but new works, and the best. The attraction of your play has been destroyed for me.*

"'I regret being thus drawn into an opinion on this matter; first, because there is a lady in the case; and, secondly, because it affects *another establishment in this city.* But your demand is so urgent that it leaves me no alternative. Yours very truly, W. WHEATLEY.'

"On receipt of this letter I took the prompt-manuscript of my drama from Laura Keene's Theatre, and sent it to Philadelphia, that it might be compared with Miss ———'s piece. I confided this duty to Mr. Blackburne, a gentleman of experience in theatrical affairs, who had been a manager and actor. I append his reply.

"'To D. Bourcicault, Esq.—My dear Sir: I received from you the prompter's copy of your play of "Jeanie Deans;" and, according to your instructions, I visited the Walnut Street Theatre on Monday, March 19, and witnessed the performance of a piece called "The Heart of Midlothian, or Jeanie Deans." As the play proceeded I compared it with your manuscript; and, except in the early scenes of the first Act, *I found the two dramas to be the same — the same sequence of scenes, the same plot and characters; the language occasionally disguised, but in many cases followed verbatim.*

Yours truly, THOMAS BLACKBURNE.'

. . . . .

"I must here be allowed to state that my work is not a simple dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel, but an alteration of it. *I have altered the story, altered the characters, invented scenes not to be found in Scott's novel or in any dramatic version of it;* and these scenes, incidents, dialogues, and characters Miss ——— has taken, and, I regret to add, has attributed their invention to herself. . . .

"As some time must elapse before this question is passed upon by a legal tribunal, and as it will be a matter of public discussion, I desire to meet the evasion resorted to of saying that *my work was only taken from Scott's novel, and the lady had a right to use the same source.* I now offer a reward of *five thousand dollars* to any person who can find in Scott's novel, or in any dramatic version of it, (except mine,) the following scenes: —

"1. The arrest of Effie Deans at her father's supper table, and the whole of the last Scene of the first Act. 2. The examination of Madge Wildfire as a witness on Effie Deans' trial. 3. The bickering of the counsel at this trial, and the scenes between them. 4. The murder of Madge Wildfire by her mother Meg. 5. The character of Archibald, the Duke's footman, with his repetitions of phrases. 6. The whole of the Scene where Geordie Robertson rouses the mob, and the soldiery are fired upon. 7. The whole of the Scene in the prison where Effie Deans is led to execution. 8. The whole of the last Scene of the attack on the Tolbooth, used as a climax of the work.

"These scenes all appear in Miss ———'s play, *seriatim et verbatim.* I select them as being some of the prominent features. . . .

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Owing to the existence of the quarto of 1597, Meres' testimony lacks its usual value in the determination of the date of the production of *Romeo and Juliet*. But the question arises, To which version of the tragedy did he refer — that in which Shakespeare was originally concerned, or that which was "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," but which was not published (at least with any approach to completeness or correctness) until the year after the appearance of the *Palladis Tamia?* In my judgment, and without a doubt, he had in mind the play as it last came from Shakespeare's hand. For, aside from the great probability that he knew that only in this form was the tragedy properly Shakespeare's, the supposition that he referred to the augmented and amended version is not only in harmony with the facts which bear upon this question, but, like the

"I cannot conclude without referring to the lawless manner in which dramatic literary property is pillaged throughout this country by small travelling stars and insolvent managers. . . . *Short-hand writers visit the performances, take down the dramas*, and hawk them for sale among irresponsible managers and actors, who are willing to risk the performance, relying on their own worthlessness to escape legal consequences. . . .

"The success I have met with in my endeavors to please the public has aroused some natural jealousies, and I must submit to detraction and abuse. I do not place any great literary value on my works; they may be very poor things; but, poor as they are, they are mine, the sweat of my brow, the bread of my family. Is it probable that, while dramatic works so humble and worthless as mine are thus treated, dramatic authors of greater merit will arise, and sacrifice their lives, hopes, and aspirations to found and create an American drama? I am, sir, yours truly, DION BOURCICAULT.

"New York, April 21, 1860."

Here we have a play made by one of the most popular English dramatists of this day in just the mode that was adopted by his great predecessor — the adaptation of a popular story to the stage by throwing it into a dramatic form, and by adding new scenes and new characters, as well as by modifying the old. We see the rivalry of theatrical managers and their desire to keep to themselves the text of the plays which they produce, that they may not lose the attraction of novelty. We see their precautions defeated in the case of a very successful play by the means of short-hand reporters, and the whole of the coveted work reproduced, — scenes, characters, and language, — except the substitution and interpolation of certain passages by an inferior hand. So little have the essential habits and customs of the theatre changed in two hundred and sixty years. And I may here opportunely add that the writing of plays by many hands, and the remodelling of old plays, goes on just as it did aforetime. *The Maid's Tragedy*, as it was played a year or two ago by Matilda Heron, was first written by Beaumont and Fletcher jointly, then recast by Mr. Macready and Sheridan Knowles, and finally again modified by Mr. Bourcicault. And I have myself known five pens to be employed at once upon a new play which it was desired to produce in haste. — This Note has a bearing not only upon the Introduction to this play, but upon those to *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and upon the Essay on the Authorship of *King Henry the Sixth*.

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middle note in an inverted and widely-distributed chord in music, it harmonizes and binds together what would otherwise be discordant, or at least disconnected: — as we shall see.

It has been already mentioned in these introductory remarks that the title page of the first quarto designates the play as one that had been "often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the Right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants." Malone first observed * that this statement bore upon the date of the production of the play. The company of which Shakespeare was a member had for patron Henry, Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth; and they therefore styled themselves the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. But having, as Malone remarks, become attached to him, not as Lord Chamberlain, but as a peer of the realm, at his death, in July, 1596, they naturally fell under the patronage of his son and successor in the title. He, however, did not succeed at once to his father's post of Chamberlain of the Queen's household, that office having been conferred upon Lord Cobham. But six weeks after his death, (in March, 1596–7,) the new Lord Hunsdon was appointed his successor. Therefore from July, 1596, to April, 1597, Shakespeare's company were not the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, but Lord Hunsdon's; and Malone consequently concluded that *Romeo and Juliet* must have been produced during that period. To this conclusion it has been objected by Mr. Collier that "though the tragedy was printed in 1597, as it had been acted by Lord Hunsdon's Servants, it does not follow that it might not have been played some years before by the same actors, when calling themselves the Lord Chamberlain's Servants."

There is also another fact inconsistent with Malone's opinion that the tragedy was produced in 1596, the significance of which was first pointed out by Tyrwhitt. It is the speech of the *Nurse* (Act I. Sc. 3) about *Juliet's* age and weaning.

> "But as I said,
> On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
> And she was wean'd."

Upon this Tyrwhitt remarked, "There is no such circumstance,

* Variorum of 1821, Vol. II. p. 345.

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I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz., on the 6th of April, 1580.* Upon mature reflection, Malone saw that this conjecture (in itself more than probable) is supported by Shakespeare's "frequent allusions to the manners and usages of England, and to the events of his own time, which he has described as taking place wherever his scene happens to lie;" and, to reconcile the inconsistency between Tyrwhitt's deduction and his own, he suggested that "Shakespeare might have laid the foundation of this play in 1591, and finished it at a subsequent period." But the supposition that this tragedy had been acted some years before its publication in 1597 is irreconcilable, I think, with the fact that it was then manifestly published in the greatest possible haste. For the edition of that year was printed from two fonts of type, and probably, as Mr. Collier himself remarks, by two printers; and it bears upon its face all the marks of confused hurry.† And for the haste in which it was brought out there must have been some special reason; for, as to the *story* of Romeo and Juliet, that had been known to the London public for years, and was accessible in half a dozen shapes. Indeed, there is little or no ground for doubt that the performances referred to upon the title page of the first quarto took place between July, 1596, and April, 1597, and that that publication was the hasty effort to obtain the benefit of the "great applause" which those performances had elicited. Equally untenable is Malone's opinion that Shakespeare began *Romeo and Juliet* in 1591, and finished it in 1596. In his day plays were rapidly written, or rewritten, to supply an immediate demand; and he was manifestly one of the most business-like as well as prolific of play-wrights. That any dramatist of his period, and he of all, kept a play "on the stocks" five years is so extremely improbable as to be believed only upon positive and trustworthy testimony. But, on the contrary, that in 1591 Shakespeare and one or more other "practitioners for the stage" composed a *Romeo and Juliet* in partnership, and that in 1596 Shakespeare "corrected, augmented, and amended" it, making

* See Stowe's Chronicle and Gabriel Harvey's letter in the Preface to Spenser's works, fol. 1679.

† John Danter's device bears the motto — notably appropriate on the title page of this publication — "*Aut nunquam aut nunc.*"

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it to all intents and purposes entirely his own, and tl at it then met with such great success that an unscrupulous publisher obtained as much as he could of it by hook or by crook, and had the deficiencies supplied as well as could be by bits from the play of 1591, and, when that failed, by poets as unscrupulous as himself, is entirely accordant with the practices of that day, and reconciles all the facts in this particular case; even the two, that the play contains a reference which indicates 1591 as the year when it was written, and that in 1596 it was published in haste to take advantage of a great and sudden popularity.* This I believe to be the history of its production and its publication.

The true text of *Romeo and Juliet* is found in the folio of 1623, which, however, differs from that of the quarto of 1599 and two subsequent quartos (one dated 1609 and the other without date) only by the accidents of the printing office, to which they were all exposed, and in the reparation of which they all assist each other, though the folio seems to have suffered most from typographical corruption. The undated quarto, which was collated by Steevens, is especially useful in the correction of printers' errors. The text of the folio and the later quartos is generally sound, and, when unsound, easy of restoration by the means just named, or by conjecture; but it is deformed with several important corruptions, which have given much trouble to editors and commentators. The readings of the quarto of 1597 have been adopted by most editors much oftener than is warranted by their merit, or by the importance of that edition. Even were there external and internal evidence to show that that version of the play was authentic, and that it was all Shake-

* The age attributed to *Juliet* has some bearing upon the question above examined. The *Nurse* says of her, "She hath not seen the change of fourteen years." But in Brooke's poem *Capulet* says, "Scarse saw she yet full XVI yeres." This is the reading of the edition of 1562, according to Mr. Collier's reprint in *Shakespeare's Library*. It is possible that in one of the two other editions, 1582 and 1587, (one of which Shakespeare would have been likelier to use than the earliest impression) there may have been the very easy misprint, by transposition, 'XIV yeres.' On such points as this he followed very closely the text in hand of the novelists and chroniclers whose works he dramatized; and the probability of some such error is the greater from the fact that in Paynter's prose tale the father gives Juliet yet two years more, saying, "she is not yet attayned to the age of xviii yeares." But, if no such error were made, it would seem as if Shakespeare reduced *Juliet's* age to the very lowest point at which girls are marriageable in England, that he might accommodate it to the garrulous *Nurse's* characteristic reference to the earthquake.

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speare's, the substitution of its readings for those of the revised and augmented text, except in extraordinary instances of confusion and difficulty, would be an assumption of editorial prerogative that could not be justified at the bar of criticism; hardly at that of morals. If there be any one right more indefeasible than all others, it is that of an author over what he has written. Publishers and politicians may disregard it; but by men of letters it should be loyally respected.

The period of the action of *Romeo and Juliet* is determined for those who seek historical accuracy in that regard by the ancient tradition that the events on which it is based took place in the time of Bartholomeo della Scala — 1303. But for all poetic and dramatic purposes it may be attributed to any time in the fourteenth or the fifteenth century; and a similar latitude may be exercised in the costuming of its personages. The works of Giotto and his contemporaries furnish the costume of the earliest period in question; and those of his successors, either on canvas or in illuminated books, engravings of which are easily accessible, give the dress of later times. For the period immediately preceding that at which the play was written, which may well be adopted as that of the play, because the action only needs to be removed from modern associations, Vecelli's work, before cited, is authority.

[Since this play was prepared for the press Professor Tycho Mommsen's *Shakespeare's Romeo und Julia, Eine Kritische Ausgabe des Überlieferten Doppeltextes*, &c., (Oldenburg, 1859.) has reached me. Had it been published earlier, it would have saved me much toil; for the learned professor prints the two texts of 1597 and 1599 opposite each other, with a notation at the foot of the page of the minutest variation in other editions. But my having in German is such a younger brother's revenue that I am obliged to postpone to a season of greater leisure the task of reading the very elaborate prolegomena to Herr Mommsen's work. A glance through it, however, emboldens me to say that, however interesting and instructive its microscopic view of the ancient texts might prove to me, it would produce no appreciable effect upon the text of this edition.]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the* Prince.
MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two hostile Houses.*
CAPULET, }
Uncle *to* Capulet.
ROMEO, *Son to* Montague.
MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the* Prince, *and Friend to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, *Nephew to* Montague, *and Friend to* Romeo.
TYBALT, *Nephew to* Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*
BALTHASAR, *Servant to* Romeo.
SAMPSON, } *Servants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETER, *another Servant to* Capulet.
ABRAM, *Servant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Boy; Page *to* Paris; *an* Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to* Montague.
LADY CAPULET, *Wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *Daughter to* Capulet.
Nurse *to* Juliet.

Citizens *of* Verona; *Kinsfolk of both Houses;* Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, *and* Attendants.

CHORUS.

SCENE: *during the greater part of the play, in* Verona; *once, in the Fifth Act, at* Mantua.

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PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

[TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.]

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THE TRAGEDY OF

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — A Public Place.

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gregory. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' th' collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the

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weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou had'st, thou had'st been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes [two] of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHAZAR.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

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Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say — better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Benvolio. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tybalt. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate Hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs and partisans.*

1 *Citizen.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

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Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* Lady CAPULET.

Capulet. What noise is this? — Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Capulet. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Lady MONTAGUE.

Montague. Thou villain Capulet! — Hold me not; let me go.

Lady Montague. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with his train.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:
For this time, all the rest depart away.

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You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and* Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? —
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? — saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made: but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, — measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found, —
Being one too many by my weary self,

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Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, — I will not say, how true, —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deni'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, Madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* Lady.

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Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will:
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: —
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! —
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. —

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Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill. —
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man! — And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty! only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

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Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. [But] Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

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Paris. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early marri'd.
[The] earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. — Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,

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Whose names are written there, [*giving a paper.*]
and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Servant. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned: in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and — Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

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Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

"*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.*"

A fair assembly; whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither?
Serv. To supper: to our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,

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Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, lady-bird! —
God forbid! — where's this girl? — what, Juliet.

Enter JULIET.

Juliet. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter. — Nurse, give leave a while;
We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou'se hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but four,

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She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she: marry, I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day,
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua. —
Nay, I do bear a brain: — but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out wi' th' dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, b' th' rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband — God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man, — took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay."
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

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I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"
quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of: — tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief; —
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

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Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Man Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

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La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-Bearers, *and* Others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
[Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:]
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

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I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. —
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor! — what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, —
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence Love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?

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Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night?
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

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Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fadom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, is she —

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars.
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:

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But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail. — On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Banquet Hall in CAPULET's House.

Musicians *waiting*. *Enter* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie [all] in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the join'd-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. — Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys: be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c.*, *with the* Guests *and the* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: —
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?

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You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: — 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot. —
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.
Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.
2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear!

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So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. —
Fetch me my rapier, boy. — What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What! goodman boy! — I say, he shall; — go to; —
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! — God shall mend my soul —

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You'll make a mutiny among my guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. — Is't so, indeed? —
This trick may chance to scath you; — I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time —
Well said, my hearts! — You are a princox; go: —
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — for shame!
I'll make you quiet; What! — Cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[*To* JULIET.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, —
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray: grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

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Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss b' th' book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. —
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night: —
More torches here! — Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* JULIET *and* Nurse.
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

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Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, "Juliet!"

Nurse. Anon, anon: —
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — CAPULET'S Garden, adjoining the House.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He approaches the house.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too. —
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ah me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young auburn Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid. —
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. —
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone. —
O Romeo! that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night: — I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[Scene II. Theobald.] [*Exeunt.*
Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. —
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
[JULIET *appears above at her window.*
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but pale and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —
[JULIET *steps out upon a balcony.*

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It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

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Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

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Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

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Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy glorious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

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Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu! —
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afear'd,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. By and by, I come.
— To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul, —
Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —

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Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring.*

Enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falc'ner's voice,
To lure this tercel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

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Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! —
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Friar. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the Earth doth live

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But to the Earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie:
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right, —
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

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Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou did'st love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:

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And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then, —
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.
Rom. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Street.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Devil should this Romeo be? —
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

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Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!* —

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! — 'By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore!' — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. — O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his

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lady, was a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning — to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest! solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in

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one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad': which added to the goose, proves thee, far and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear! — A sail, a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon.

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Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; — for himself to mar, quoth'a? — Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

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Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, — [*sings.*] lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. — Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

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Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, — that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse; behind the abbey-wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! — Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.
Farewell! — Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in Heaven bless thee! — Hark, you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. Warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

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Rom. Ay, Nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no, I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —
O, she is lame: Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, marry, fare as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

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Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O God! she comes. — O honey Nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse, — O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while. —
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou had'st my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; — good, good Nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, — though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, — but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. — Go

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thy ways, wench: serve God. — What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side. — O, my back, my back! —
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? — why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman, —
Where is your mother?"

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil — Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift today?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then, hie you hence to Friar Laurence cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,

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To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! — honest Nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Here comes the lady. — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

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Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

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Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, 'God send me no need of thee!' and, by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, *and* Others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. — Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo. —

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: — villain am I none;
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

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Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [*Draws*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado.* [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons: — gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage! — Tybalt — Mercutio —
The Prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets. — Hold, Tybalt! — good Mercutio!
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his* Partisans.

Mer. I am hurt; —
A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped: —
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. —
Where is my page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

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Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: — a plague o' both your houses! — 'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why, the Devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too: — your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin; — O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead:
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to Heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —

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Enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that did'st consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: —
Stand not amaz'd: — the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. — Hence! — be gone! — away!

Rom. O, I am Fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir: — go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives, *and* Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's child!

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O Prince! O husband! O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: — all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

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I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murthers, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Juliet's Apartment.

Juliet *seated near the window.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

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By their own beauties; or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse.
And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. —

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

Now, Nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

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Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone! —
Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot. — O Romeo, Romeo! —
Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal Hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I;*
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —
God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; — I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord? —

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Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! — did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest shew!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damned saint, an honourable villain! —
O, Nature! what had'st thou to do in Hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? —
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:* —
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal Earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

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Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? —
But, wherefore, villain, did'st thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murthered me. I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, — if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —
Why follow'd not, when she said, Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished! — to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: — Romeo is banished! —
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,

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When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. — Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: — I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

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Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient; for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But Purgatory, torture, Hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then, banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word 'death' to 'banishment':
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy; Heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in Heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,

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No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me; banished?
O Friar! the damned use that word in Hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished?'

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? — Hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murthered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair.
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*

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Fri. Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? —
Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. — Stay a while. — Stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study. — By and by. — God's will,
What wilfulness is this! — I come, I come!
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand:
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, O, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.
Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubb'ring. —
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! — Death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?
Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?

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Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her; as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman. — O tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the Heaven, and Earth?
Since birth, and Heaven, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

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Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
Go before, Nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,

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To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* Nurse.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your state: —
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I: — well, we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo. —
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

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La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft! What day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha, — ha, — Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be: — o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl. —
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado, — a friend, or two;
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were tomorrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then. —
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day. —
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. — Good night. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.

JULIET'S Bed Chamber; a Window open upon the Balcony.

ROMEO *and* JULIET *discovered.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go: —
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. —
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

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Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
[*They go upon the Balcony.*

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [ROMEO *descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

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Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
[*Returns to her Chamber.*

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon [him!] I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

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La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murtherer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd. —
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
Soon sleep in quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him, —
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

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The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. — These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father: tell him so yourself;
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —
How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

Hosted by Google

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you not; —
[And yet not proud; — mistress minion, you,]
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, — get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in Heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

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Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye good den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man, —
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer — "I'll not wed," — "I cannot love,"
"I am too young," — "I pray you, pardon me;" —
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief? —
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

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Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! — O Nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on Earth, my faith in Heaven;
How shall that faith return again to Earth,
Unless that husband send it me from Heaven
By leaving Earth? — comfort me, counsel me. —
Alack, alack! that Heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself! —
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, Nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the County.
O, he's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

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Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

FRIAR.

ON Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,

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To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. —
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

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Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter now. —
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. O, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution

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As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of any tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

Hosted by Google

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come, [and he and I
Will watch thy waking,] and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. — [*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Hosted by Google

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone. — [*Exit* Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon. — Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County: go tell him of this.
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, — stand up:
This is as 't should be. — Let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this rev'rend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

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Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her. — We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her:
I'll not to bed to-night; — let me alone:
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho! —
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare up him
Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: — but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the Heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

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Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Farewell! — God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me. —
Nurse! — What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, phial. —
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning? —
No, no; — this shall forbid it: — lie thou there. —

[*Laying down the dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,

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Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort: —
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking, — what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! — I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

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The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! — Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.] — Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good Father! 'tis day:
The County will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*

For so he said he would. — I hear him near. —
Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:

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I'll go and chat with Paris. — Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet! — fast, I warrant her, she: —
Why, lamb! — why, lady! — fie, you slug-a-bed! —
Why, love, I say! — madam! sweet-heart! — why, bride! —
What, not a word? — you take your pennyworths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed:
He'll fright you up, i' faith. — Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady! —
Alas! alas! — Help! help! my lady's dead! —
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! — my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

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La. Cap. O me! O me! — my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help! — call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her. — Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return. —
O son! the night before thy wedding day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: — there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

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Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnity? —
O child! O child! — my soul, and not my child! —
Dead art thou! — alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your Heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as Heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long,

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But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond Nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, — and, Madam, go with him; —
And go, Sir Paris: — every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The Heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up; for, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* Nurse.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! *Heart's ease, Heart's ease:* O, an you will have me live, play — *Heart's ease.*

1 *Mus.* Why *Heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians! because my heart itself plays — *My heart is full* [*of woe*]: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

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2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. — Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say — "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! — What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is — "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding: —

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Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

ROMEO.

IF I may trust the flattering sooth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dream'd my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

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Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom. Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars! —
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: — O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a shew.

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Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apothecary. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

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Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Laurence. This same should be the voice of Friar John. —
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

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The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A Churchyard: in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof; —
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*

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Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep!
[*The* Boy *whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? — muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

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Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship. — Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the Earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murther'd my love's cousin, — with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died, —
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. —
[*Advancing.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither. —
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: — think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: — O, be gone!
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone; — live, and hereafter say —
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

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Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit* Page.

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will. — Let me peruse this face: —
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris. —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand! —
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
A grave? O, no! a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —
Tybalt, li'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

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To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh! — Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O, you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! — [*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lanthorn, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft tonight
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! — Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

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Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then; I'll go alone. — Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo! —
[*Advancing.*
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Entering the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. — Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

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A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet. — [*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. —
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy: — which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? — then I'll be brief. — O happy dagger! [*Snatching* ROMEO's *dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die. [*Dies.*

Enter Watch, *with* PARIS' Page.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some* Watchmen.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the Prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Montagues, — some others search: —
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.

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We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, *with* Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. O, the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murther comes.

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1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, Heaven! — O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night:
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

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Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

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But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it. —
Where is the County's page, that raised the Watch? —
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: — all are punish'd.

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Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE.

The Prologue is omitted from the folio. Why, it is difficult to conjecture, as it is found in all the 4to. editions, from one of which — that of 1609 — the folio was printed. In the 4to. of 1597 it appears with two lines less and many variations, as follows: —

"Two household Frends, alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost Lovers tooke their life;
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'l studie to amend."

In the 4tos. the word 'Prologue' is followed by 'Chorus,' which, as Malone suggested, merely indicates that the lines were to be spoken by the same person to whom was committed the Chorus at the end of Act I.

p. 37. "*Do*, with their death," &c.: — The 4to. of 1599 and that of 1609 have, "*Doth*, with," &c.; and I am not quite sure that the disagreement with the nominative is the result of misprint, or of any other error.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 39. "—— we'll not *carry coals*": — Instances are numerous in the works of our ancient writers to show that the car-

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rying of coals used to be regarded as the lowest of menial offices, and that the phrase 'to carry coals' was euphemistic slang for 'to put up with an insult.'

p. 40. "—— I will be *cruel* with the maids": — So the undated 4to. and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions, "I will be *ciuill*" — an easy misprint. The reading of the undated 4to. is sustained by that of the 4to. of 1597: "Ile play the tyrant, Ile first begin with the maids, and off with their heads."

" "—— *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace,*" &c.: — Steevens quoted, in illustration, "Behold I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the fico with his thombe in his mouthe," *Wits Miserie*, 1596; and Malone, "What swearing is there, [in the broad aisle of St. Paul's church,] what shouldering, what justling, what byting of thumbs to beget quarrels!" Dekker's *Dead Term*, 1608.

p. 41. "—— thy *swashing blow*": — So the undated 4to. The other old copies misprint, "*washing* blow."

" "What! *drawn*," &c.: — The folio alone misprints, "What, *draw*," &c.

"1 *Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans!*" — In the old copies this speech has, with manifest error, the prefix *Offi*[*cer*].

p. 42. "Three civil *broils*": — So the folio; and in the old Prologue we find, "From ciuill broyles," &c. The 4tos. have, "ciuill *brawles*."

p. 43. "To old *Free-town*": — This name, adopted from Brooke's poem, is but a translation of the "*Villa Franca*" of the old Italian story.

" "*Peer'd forth* the golden window," &c.: — The 4to. of 1597, "*Peept through*," &c.

p. 44. "Pursu'd my *humour*": — All the old copies but the 4to. of 1599 misprint, "my *honour*."

" "Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*": — The old editions have, "to the *same*" — an easy misprint of "to the *sunne*." The correction is one of Theobald's happiest conjectures.

p. 45. "—— well-*seeming* forms": — The 4to. of 1599 and the folio have, "wel*seeing* formes." The misprint is obvious, and is also indicated by the reading of the 4to. of 1597, "best seeming thinges."

p. 46. "Love is a smoke *made* with the fume," &c.: — Thus

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the 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies. That of 1597 has, "*raisde* with the fume," &c.

p. 46. "Being *purg'd*, a fire sparkling," &c.: — Johnson, Steevens, and Reed would have read, "Being *urg'd*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "Being *puff'd*," &c. But surely the correctors must have failed to see the allusion to the passage in the Gospels, (Matt. iii. 12,) "whose *fan* is in his hand, and he will thoroughly *purge* his floor," &c. Shakespeare remembered the "fan," and thought of the winnowing that he had seen at Stratford, where we may be sure they were yet guiltless of the machine so sacrilegious in the eyes of *Mause Headrigg*, for raising wind for their ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for a dispensation of wind. And doubtless he did not put his less than small Greek to the task of teaching him that "διακαθαριεῖ," which is translated 'purge,' refers to the separation of purity from impurity, or that which is worthless from that which has worth, by whatever process.

" "—— nourish'd with *lovers'* tears": — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions have, "nourishd with *loving* tears." The 4to. of 1597 has, "*raging* with lovers tears." Possibly we should follow the former.

" "But *sadly* tell me": — i. e., seriously tell me.

" "From Love's weak childish bow she lives *unharm'd*": — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions have, "she lives *uncharm'd*," which is evidently a misprint of the "*unharm'd*" of the 4to. of 1597. That edition, however, has, "*Gainst Cupid's* childish bow she lives *unharm'd*," which seems a corrupt, or, at least, much inferior reading. The repetition of 'Cupid' (avoided in the later text) is unpleasant; and the use of 'unharm'd' with 'against' is infelicitous, if not incorrect. If we read 'gainst,' with the 4to. of 1597, we might do well to read, "she lives *encharm'd*," with Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

"—— *with beauty dies her store*": — Theobald speciously printed, "with *her dies beauty's* store." But *Romeo* means to say that his mistress is only poor in that, at her death, her store — i. e., the beauty that she is rich in — will die with her, and that so her chief wealth is a possession that she cannot bequeath.

p. 47. "Being black, *put* us in mind," &c.: — The old copies, "*puts* us in mind," &c., and, I have little doubt, correctly. For, aside from other reasons for reading 'puts,' I am inclined to think that Shakespeare and his contemporaries regarded "being black" and not "marks" as the nomi-

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native to "put." I do not, however, feel sufficiently assured of the point to change the received text.

Scene II.

p. 47. "[*But*] Montague," &c.: — The 4to. of 1609 omits 'but,' and is followed by the folio — erroneously, without a doubt.

p. 48. "She hath not seen *the change of fourteen years*": — Brooke's poem has, "xvi yeares," and Paynter's prose tale, "xviii yeares." See the Introduction to this play.

" "—— are those so early *marri'd*": — Thus the 4to. of 1597, which gives the line, "But too foone marde are those fo early maried." As to this reading, see the Note on "A young man married is a man that's marr'd," *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 3. In printing the 4to. of 1599 the compositor seems to have been misled by the existence of a jingling adage, similar to that referred to in the Note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, upon 'marr'd' and 'made,' and perhaps by 'made' at the end of the previous line; for that and all subsequent old editions read, "so early *made*."

" "[*The*] earth hath swallow'd": — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions (the line and the next not being in the 4to. of 1597) read, "*Earth* hath swallow*ed*," &c. But the line is not to be made a verse by retaining the *e* in the participle.

" "—— the hopeful *lady of my earth*": — Steevens regarded this expression, and perhaps rightly, as a translation of the French *fille de terre* = heiress.

"Among fresh *female* buds": — The 4to. of 1599 misprinted, "*fennel* buds;" and the error remained uncorrected till the appearance of the second folio. In the next line "*inherit*" = possess.

" "*Such amongst view of many*": — The passage is obscure, elliptical, and debased by a poor conceit; but (remembering that one used to be regarded as no number) it seems to mean, Such [i. e., so high in merit] my daughter may appear; and being one [of those so distinguished] may stand, in number, one, though, in reckoning, nothing. The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions have, by what I cannot but regard as an error consequent upon the obscurity of the passage, "*Which one* [on] *more* view of many," &c. Neither text is clear, and both may be corrupt.

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p. 50. "*Serv. To supper*": — In the old copies these words are made a part of *Romeo's* previous speech — a manifest error, which Warburton corrected.

" "—— and *crush* a cup of wine": — So we now say, crack a bottle.

" "—— whom thou so *lov'st*": — It is worthy of remark that the 4to. of 1597 has, "so *loues*," and that the 4to. of 1599, printed from a different manuscript, has the same reading, which is also repeated in the folio. The undated 4to. has, "lovest."

" "—— then turn tears to *fire*": — Modern editors hitherto have silently read, "to *fires*," on account of the rhyme with 'liars.' But the 4tos. of 1597 and 1599, though printed from different manuscripts, both read, "to fire," [or "fier."] The mere difference of a final *s* seems not to have been regarded in rhyme in Shakespeare's day; and the reading 'fires' tends to impoverish a line not over-rich.

p. 51. "Your *lady's love*": — It seems as if we should read, '*lady-love*,' here; and this obvious change has been suggested by Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer, and declared absolutely necessary by Mr. Sidney Walker. But the imperfect and surreptitious 4to. of 1597 has, "ladyes loue," and that of 1599 and the subsequent old copies, though printed from another manuscript, "ladies loue." Shakespeare, too, often as he had opportunity, never used 'lady-love,' if I may trust my memory, or even Mrs. Clarke's Concordance. And I more than doubt that the compound 'lady-love' is as old as the time of Shakespeare, although I believe the general opinion is quite to the contrary.

SCENE III.

The greater part of this Scene is printed as prose in all the old copies. Capell first saw that it was verse.

" "—— *thou'se* hear our counsel": — So all the old copies; the contraction being common in Shakespeare's time for 'Thou shalt,' which is the reading of nearly every modern edition, although it destroys the rhythm of the line, and is altogether indefensible.

" "And yet to my *teen*": — i. e., to my sorrow.

p. 52. "'*Tis since the earthquake*": — As to the earthquake here probably referred to, see the Introduction.

" "—— and *felt* it bitter": — This is not a blunder on the part of the *Nurse*. The verbs expressive of the action

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of the senses were not carefully distinguished in their application when Shakespeare wrote; and 'felt' was used with peculiar license. Shakespeare ridicules this license in several passages, and especially in *Bottom's* speech (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act IV. Sc. 1) when he wakes after his enchantment.

p. 52. "—— and fall out *wi' th' dug*": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "and fall out *with dugge*" — a characteristic contraction, favorable to the rhythm, which I do not hesitate to adopt.

" "For then she could stand *alone*": — So the folio and the 4to. of 1609; but the 4tos. of 1597 and 1599 for 'alone' have respectively "high lone" and "hylone" — an equivalent to 'alone' which I have met with several times in books from two to three hundred years old. The idiom is still in use in the phrase 'high time' for 'full time.'

p. 53. "It is an *honour* that I dream not of": — Both here and in the next speech all the old copies, except the 4to. of 1597, misprint, "an *houre*."

p. 54. "—— Why, he's *a man of wax*": — i. e., as well made as if he were modelled in wax. So in *Euphues and his England*, "You make either your lover so holy that for faith he must be made all of truth, or so exquisite that for shape he must be framed in wax," 1597, Sig. X 3; and see, in Act III. Sc. 3 of this play, "Thy noble shape is but a form of wax." But the expression is not out of use in this country; and I have been so accustomed to hear 'my lad of wax' addressed as a phrase of jocular encouragement and approbation to a boy, that, had I not noticed the British editors' explanation of the phrase, I should not have thought that it needed one.

" "Examine every *several* lineament": — So the folio and the 4to. of 1609. The 4to. of 1599, "every *married* lineament." This speech is not in the 4to. of 1597.

Scene IV.

p. 55. "*The date is out of such prolixity*": — For an illustration of the custom the date of which was going out when Shakespeare wrote this play, see the entrance of the *King* and his companions as maskers, accompanied by *Moth*, to make a speech for them, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2, p. 416.

" "—— like a *crow keeper*": — A living functionary for

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whom the scare-crow of this country is a luxuriously-clad substitute. He was armed with a bow and arrow.

p. 55. "[*Nor no without-book prologue*": — These two lines are found only in the 4to. of 1597. They seem to have been omitted purposely, but only on account of their disparagement of the prologue speakers on the stage; and therefore they may properly be restored to the text.

" "—— for our *entrance*": — Here 'entrance' is a trisyllable.

"—— and *so* bound": — The folio has the slight misprint, "and *to* bound."

p. 56. "—— doth *quote* deformities": — i. e., observe them.

"I'll be a *candle-holder*": — 'Candle-holder' used to be a common name for a person who merely looked on while another performed some labor. Its origin is obvious; and we have a relic of it in the phrase used to express the inferiority of one person to another — 'he can't hold a candle to him' — i. e., he is not worthy even to give him light as he works.

"Tut! *dun's the mouse*": — Of this proverbial expression, which is of not uncommon occurrence in old books, no explanation worthy of notice has ever been offered. In the next line the reference is to a Christmas play called 'Dun is in the mire,' in which Dun was supposed to be the name of a horse. As to "the mire of this *sir-reverence* Love," ("*sur*reverence," 4to. of 1597; "*save you* reverence," 4to. of 1599; and "*save your* reverence," folio of 1623,) see the Note on "without he say sir-reverence," *Comedy of Errors*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 214.

" "—— *like lamps by day*": — The folio misprints, "*lights, lights* by day."

" "—— in our *five* wits": — The old copies, "*fine* [for *five*] wits," which trivial error — a mere turned letter — was left to be corrected by Malone.

p. 57. "She is *the fairies' midwife*": — Warburton very plausibly and quite poetically read, "the *fancy's* midwife." But all the old copies concur in reading, "the *fairies* midwife," which is to be taken in the sense of 'the fairy midwife,' i. e., that fairy whose office it is, in the words of Steevens, "to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams," or, as Warton thought, "to steal the new-born babe in the night, and leave another in its place." And perhaps we should read, "the *fairy* midwife;" 'fairy' having been written *fairie*, and the *s* added by the continual carelessness or irregularity in

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that regard which is exemplified on almost every page of Elizabethan books. — In the 4tos. of 1599 and 1609 and in the folio this speech is printed as prose.

p. 57. "—— no bigger than an *agate stone*," &c. : — The 4to. of 1597 makes the comparison to an agate stone on the fore-finger "of a *Burgomaster*," by mistake, I do not doubt. But it appears to have been the fashion among civic dignitaries and wealthy citizens all over Europe to wear on the fore-finger or the thumb agate rings cut in cameo or intaglio. Oftenest in cameo it would seem, from the not unfrequent comparison of children and dwarfish men to 'agates,' meaning, of course, the figures cut upon the agate. It would be a matter of some interest in the history of art to inquire whether these gems were antiques, cinque-cento work, or the production of contemporary artists.

" "—— the lazy finger of a *maid*" : — So the 4to. of 1597. The other old copies, "of a *man*."

" "*O'er* courtiers' knees" : — So, with obvious correctness, the 4to. of 1597, which has, "O're courtiers knees: who strait on cur'sies dreame." The other old editions, "*On* courtiers," &c. In the next line the folio misprints, "*dreamt* on fees."

" "—— o'er a *courtier's* nose" : — So the later 4tos. and the folio. The 4to. of 1597, "a lawyer's lap;" and I am inclined to think that Shakespeare wrote, "a counsellor's nose;" but, although there is an awkward repetition in the old text, there is not sufficient ground for a conjectural change.

p. 58. "*And bakes the elf locks*," &c. : — Warburton was probably correct in his surmise that the superstition here referred to, which was common of old, had its rise from the horrid disease called the *plica polonica*, in which the hairs become injected with blood, and inextricably entan gled and matted together.

" "—— puffs away *from thence*" : — The 4to. of 1597, "puffs away *in haste*."

p. 59. "Direct my *sail*" : — So the 4to. of 1597. The other old copies, "my *sute*."

" "*Strike, drum*" : — The stage direction here in the later 4tos. and the folio is, "*They march about the stage and seruing men come forth with napkins*." The latter part of the direction manifestly refers to the next Scene, and shows that the audience were to imagine the scene changed on the instant from the street to the banquet-hall in

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Capulet's house. The stage direction was manifestly intended for the prompter or stage manager only.

SCENE V.

p. 59. "When good manners shall lie [*all*] in one or two men's hands": — 'All' is omitted in the folio only.

"—— a piece of *marchpane*": — Marchpane was a confection something between cake and candy, and made chiefly of almonds. It was probably much like our macaroons.

" "—— will *have a bout* with you": — So the 4to. of 1597. The 4to. of 1599, which is followed by the other old editions, has, "*walk about* with you."

p. 60. "*Her beauty* hangs upon the cheek of night": — The first folio and all the 4tos. have, "*It seemes she* hangs," &c.: the reading of the text first appeared in the second folio, which is without authority, or has, at most, but a quasi authority. Why, then, deviate from the reading of the authentic folio and the 4tos. in which corruption is not indicated by obscurity? The great gain in poetic beauty by the reading of the second folio does not justify a deviation from the authoritative text, though it may tempt to it. But in this passage all the old copies come evidently from one source; and in this play, as in some others, the authority of the folio is impaired, although its authenticity as a whole cannot be impeached; while in the context there is ground for believing that the editor of the second folio — a contemporary of Shakespeare — restored the true reading. Steevens, who, with a few editors of the last century, followed the second folio, remarked that "the repetition of the word 'beauty' in the next line but one" confirms that reading. He might have put the case much more strongly; for in that line 'beauty' is a dependent word, and the clause which begins with it an entirely dependent clause. Unless 'beauty' occur in the first clause of the sentence as the apponent of 'beauty' in the second, the latter cannot be construed, I will not say according to grammatical rule and precedent, but so as to preserve that rational coherence of thought the necessity of which underlies all grammatical rules, and which Shakespeare in his freest style never violates. Therefore, having this contemporary change of a reading which, if undisturbed, would leave a unique and derogatory blemish upon Shakespeare's page, — a change, too, which seems not to *add* a grace, but to preserve one by the mere restoration of grammatical integrity to the passage, — I believe that the elder copies have in this case, as in

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some others, but perpetuated an error committed in the earliest impression; and I adopt the reading of the second folio, not upon the authority of that text, but upon the internal evidence of the context, supported by the inherent merits of the emendation. All editors of the present century have hitherto deferred to the authority of the elder copies. But there are cases in which a recognition of the congruous working of genius, and its conformity to the law of right reason, is paramount to the authority of accumulated texts.

p. 61. "So *shews* a *snowy dove*": — The 4to. of 1597, "So *shines* a *snow-white swan*;" and, in the third line below, "make *happy* my rude hand."

p. 62. "You will set *cock-a-hoop*": — The origin of this phrase has hitherto escaped investigation and conjecture. The notion which has been advanced, that it arose from a custom of taking the cock out of the barrel and laying it on the hoop, to secure an uninterrupted flow of ale, seems to me puerile. It is better to confess ignorance than to be content with such caricatures of knowledge. — May not the phrase have been originally 'cock a-whoop'? the fitness of which phrase to express arrogant boasting is plain enough.

" "Well *said*, my hearts": — i. e., well done.

" "—— the gentle *fine* is this": — The old copies have, "the gentle *sinne*," &c. — an easy and obvious misprint, which Warburton corrected.

" "O, then, dear saint, *let lips do what hands do*
They pray": — It has been the custom hitherto to place a semicolon after "what hands do" at the end of the line. But *Juliet*, after having said that "palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss," replies, to *Romeo's* hint about lips, that lips must be used in prayer. 'O, then,' answers *Romeo*, 'they (i. e., lips) pray that they may do what hands, or palms, do: grant thou this,' &c.; the fine point of which is lost by closing the sense at "what hands do," and reading antithetically, "They pray, grant thou," &c., in the next line.

p. 63. "—— a trifling, foolish banquet *towards*": — i. e., a banquet approaching.

p. 64. "*Chorus*": — This chorus is not found in the 4to. of 1597.

" "—— *for* which love groan'd *for*": — This repetition of the preposition is not at variance with the custom of educated writers of Shakespeare's day.

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ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 65. "*Capulet's Garden*": — It has hitherto been the custom, since Rowe's edition in 1709, to make this Scene pass in "The Street," or "An Open Place near Capulet's Garden." See the Note on "He jests at scars," &c., below.

" "*Nay, I'll conjure too*": — The 4to. of 1597 alone assigns this speech to *Mercutio*, ("Call, nay Ile coniure too.") The later of the old editions give it to *Benvolio*, with manifest error.

" "—— *pronounce* but 'love' and '*dove*'": — So the 4to. of 1597. That of 1599, which is followed by that of 1609 and the folio, "*pronaunt* but love and *day* [or *dye*]."

" "Young *auburn* Cupid": — The old copies have, "Young *Abraham* Cupid;" but that 'Abraham' here is a mere error, or, rather, superfluous and mistaken sophistication of 'abram,' — itself one of the numerous modes of spelling 'auburn' of old, — seems undeniable. 'Auburn' was spelled *auburne*, *auborne*, *aubrun*, *aberne*, *abron*, *abrun*, *abran*, *abram*, and (consequently) sometimes *Abraham*. See the following instances.

"Her black, browne, *auburne*, or her yellow hayre."
Drayton's *Moone Calf*, p. 164, ed. 1627.

"Light *auborne*, *subflavus*." *Baret's Alvearie*, 1580.

"—— He's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
Next to an *aubrun*."
Two Noble Kinsmen, Act IV. Sc. 2.

"*Biondo*, the *aberne* colour, that is betwene white and yelow." W. Thomas's *Italian's Grammer*, Sig. E 2, ed. 1567, [apud Rev. A. Dyce.]

"And on his *Abron* head hore haires peerd here and there among." Golding's *Ovid*, fol. 157 *b*. ed. 1587. fol. 151 *b*. ed. 1612.

"They [persons of sanguine temperament] are very hairy: their head is commonly *abran*, or amber coloured: so their beards." *Optick Glass of Humours*, 1630, p. 116.

"—— not that our heads are some browne, some blacke som *Abram*." *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 3, eds. 1623, 1632.

"A goodlie, long, thicke, *Abram*-colourd beard."
Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, Sig. D, ed. 1602.

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The printing of *Abraham* for *Abram* was very likely to occur from the fact that the name of "the father of the faithful" occurs in both forms in the sacred writings of the Hebrews. "Neither shall thy name any more be called *Abram*, but thy name shall be *Abraham*," &c. Gen. xvii. 5. — Upton thought that "Shakespeare wrote, 'Young *Adam* Cupid,' &c., . . . for this Adam was a most notable archer; . . . his name was Adam Bell" (*Critical Observations*, &c., p. 243): and all editors since his day, but Mr. Knight, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Dyce, have read, 'Adam.' There is a manifest allusion to the stanza in the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, (Child's *British Ballads*, Vol. IV. p. 195,) beginning, —

"The blinded boy that shootes so trim;"

but this "blinded boy" is only "young auburn Cupid," and has no more to do with Adam Bell than with any other archer.

p. 65. "By her *high forehead*": — As to the perverted liking of our Elizabethan ancestors for a bald brow, see the Note on "Ay, but her forehead's low," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

p. 66. "An open *et cetera*": — The words in italics are omitted in the folio.

" "[Scene II. Rowe.] — *He jests at scars*," &c.: — The question has been raised whether, in this line, *Romeo* refers to *Mercutio's* raillery, or reflects upon his own former boast of invulnerability to any other charms than those of Rosaline. The doubt is one which could not have arisen among those who saw or read this tragedy in Shakespeare's time. For, aside from the inconsistency of the latter supposition with *Romeo's* present absorption in the thought of *Juliet*, and with the facts that he did not jest at scars and had felt a wound, the question (which is connected with another of some importance — the distribution and location of the Scenes) may be decided by an examination of the old copies. In none of these is there either a division of the Acts of this play into Scenes, or any direction as to where the incidents are supposed to take place. But hitherto, in all modern editions since the time of Rowe, (1709,) *Romeo's* first speech in this Act, "Can I go forward," &c., and the subsequent dialogue between *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*, have been made to constitute Scene I., and to pass either in "The Street" or "An Open Place near Capulet's House;" and with the speech which is the occasion of this note, a second Scene in "Capulet's Garden" has

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begun. But in the old copies, from the beginning of this Act to the entrance of the *Friar*, there is not the slightest implication of a supposed change of Scene, but rather the contrary; and the arrangement in question seems to have been the consequence of an assumption that *Benvolio's* remark, "He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall," is made on the outside of the wall; whereas the text rather implies that the whole of this Act, from the entrance of *Romeo* to his exit after his interview with *Juliet*, passes within *Capulet's* garden. For after the stage direction, "*Enter* Romeo *alone*," (which has a like particularity in all the old copies,) *Romeo* says, "Can I go forward when my heart is *here?*" — not in the street, or outside the wall skirting the grounds about *Capulet's* house, but *here*, in the dwelling place of his love, which is before his eyes. After he speaks the next line, the old copies (from the absence of scenery already alluded to) could not direct him, as he has been directed in modern editions hitherto, to "climb the wall and leap down within it;" but, had he been supposed to do this, his exit would have been indicated, or some intimation would have been given that he was to go out of eye-shot of *Mercutio* and *Benvolio;* as, for instance, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where (Act IV. Sc. 3) *Birone* is supposed to mount a tree, we have the direction, "*He steps aside.*" But in the present case nothing of the kind appears, even in the notably particular indications of the 4to. of 1597. Again, *Benvolio's* remark that *Romeo* "*hath hid* himself among *these trees*" must surely be made within the enclosure where *Romeo* is, unless we suppose *Benvolio* able to see farther into a stone wall than most folk can; while what he previously says about "*this* orchard wall" means merely the wall of this orchard, (as in *Romeo's* after speech, "With love's light wings did I o'erperch *these* walls,") and implies no particular nearness of the barrier. Finally, in all the old copies (which vary so much and so materially in other respects) we find that the last line of *Benvolio's* last speech (in which the expression "seek him *here*" is to be observed) and the first of *Romeo's* soliloquy make one of the rhyming couplets so common to this play, and are printed together without any direction for the entrance of *Romeo:* in the 4to. of 1597 thus: —

"Come lets away, for 'tis but vaine,
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found.
Ro. He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound."

In the 4to. of 1599, and subsequently, thus: —

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"Go then, for tis in vaine we seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.
Ro. He ieasts at scarres that neuer felt a wound."

It seems clear, therefore, that Shakespeare imagined the whole of this Act previous to the entrance of *Friar Laurence* as passing in the garden near *Capulet*'s house: *Romeo* keeps out of sight of his cousins by approaching the house more nearly than they deem prudent; and, overhearing the humorous jeers of the volatile *Mercutio*, he begins to moralize, and no new dramatic interest supervenes until his reflections are quickly checked by the appearance of the light at *Juliet's* window. Therefore I have felt obliged to vary from the previous modern arrangement of this Act, and to make but one Scene of what has been made by other editors two. But, as in a similar case in *King John*, (Act II. Sc. 2,) I have left an indication of the hitherto received arrangement, sufficient to prevent inconvenience to those who wish to refer to particular passages. — It has also been the custom hitherto to direct *Juliet* to appear before *Romeo's* exclamation at seeing the light. I have a purpose in making him see the light (as he naturally would) before he sees *Juliet*, which, to those who share my appreciation of the passage, will excuse what may seem to others a trifling, if not a needless change. — And see the next Note but one below. — See also Supplementary Notes, Vol. I.

p. 66. "Her vestal livery is but *pale* and green": — So the 4to. of 1597. The later 4tos. and the folio have, "but *sicke* and greene" — a strange combination of *colors* in a livery, though a color might be *described* as sick. But it has hitherto been adopted without question, I believe, and the variation of texts has remained unnoticed. The compositor appears to have been confused by a reminiscence of the epithets applied to the moon in the third line above, and perhaps also by a passing thought of green sickness, which they suggested, and so repeated the first instead of the second of those epithets. For *Romeo* says of the vestal livery which he describes, that "none but *fools* do wear it;" which is an unmistakable allusion to the livery of Will Summer, (or Somers,) Henry VIII.'s Court-Fool, who wore white and green, which, indeed, were the royal colors in the reign of that monarch. That the memory of Will Summer's professional costume existed for many years after he, as well as his royal master, had passed away, and after the date of the writing of this play, there is this evidence in "Certain Edicts from a Parliament in Utopia," which are added to Sir Thomas Overbury's *Wife* and Characters: "Item no fellow that

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begins to argue with a woman and wants wit to encounter her shall thinke &c. . . . unlesse he weare white for William and greene for Summer." (Ed. 1632, Sig. R 2.) Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*white* and green" — a violent though specious change, which is made entirely unnecessary by the reading of the 4to. of 1597; and which yet gives an independent support to that reading. So also do the words of *Lady Macbeth*, "And wakes it now to look so green and pale at what it did so freely," *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 7.

p. 66. "[*Juliet steps out upon a balcony*": — We know that Shakespeare imagined *Juliet* to be at an elevated window or balcony, although no old copy has a stage direction to that effect; for *Romeo* says below, "Thou art as glorious to this night, being o'er my head," &c. Our old stage, in spite of its lack of scenery, permitted this Scene to be played with a very exact likeness to reality. *Juliet* could appear at the window which opened on the balcony at the back of the stage, draw the curtain, and, after pausing a few moments, as a girl would naturally do under the circumstances, (during which her lover might, though *feeling* sure, be unable to *see* surely who it was,) step out upon the balcony. And so it doubtless was represented, and should now be. For this gives a meaning to *Romeo's* exclamations, "It *is* my lady; O, it *is* my love!" which seem somewhat superfluous, to say the least, if *Juliet* bolts right out when *Romeo's* attention is first attracted by the light from her window, according to modern custom on the stage and the supposition of modern texts. — It is worthy of remark that these exclamations do not appear in the earliest copy of the play.

p. 67. "That I might *touch* that cheek": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "*kiss* that cheek."

" "—— the *lazy-pacing* clouds": — So the 4to. of 1597. The later 4tos. and the folio have, "the lazie *puffing* cloudes," and with such picturesque propriety of description that it is only after much hesitation that I adopt the reading of the first 4to., suggestive as that is. For the lazy puffing clouds are the slow-moving *cumuli* that puff themselves out into swelling breasts of rose-tinted white, and so have seemed to many a dreamy eye "the bosom of the air." But the epithet 'lazy pacing,' aside from its beauty, has a strong hold in the word 'bestrides,' which precedes it, and a powerful auxiliary in a passage of that splendid outpouring of the extravagance of an overheated imagination — *Macbeth's* soliloquy, as he meditates the murder, where the same fancy recurs, though fitly varied.

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"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, *or Heaven's cherubin hors'd,*
Upon the sightless couriers of the air."

And so, although between two such readings an editor may be somewhat like *Captain Macheath* between the two ladies who were so tenderly solicitous as to his fate, the impaired authority of the folio in this play allows, I think, the more immediate context and the collateral support of another unsuspected passage to decide the doubt. 'Pacing' might in transcription be easily corrupted into 'paffing,' and that, again, by a printer's error, into 'puffing.'

p. 67. "*Thou art thyself, though not a Montague*": — i. e., as a rose is a rose, — has all its characteristic sweetness and beauty, — though it be not called a rose. Malone, with malice aforethought, and at the instigation of Dr. Johnson, (who suggested, "Thou art thyself *then*, &c.) took the very life of the whole speech by pointing, "Thou art thyself though, not a Montague!" and hitherto every editor since his day has made himself an accessory after the fact.

"Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The folio and the later 4tos. omit 'nor any other part,' and print, 'O be some other name' (from the next line) unintelligibly in its place; while the 4to. of 1597 omits the latter exclamation entirely. The true text is manifestly to be formed from both copies.

p. 68. "By any other *name*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The later 4tos. and the folio, injuriously, "By any other *word.*"

" "Take all *myself*": — The 4to. of 1597, "Take all *I have.*"

" "Of *that* tongue's *uttering*": — So the 4to. of 1599 and the later copies. The 4to. of 1597, "Of that tongues *vtterance.*"

" "Neither, fair *maid*": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "Neyther faire *saint,*" which, if it give the passage as it was first written, was well changed to 'fair maid' in the copy from which the later 4tos. were printed, both on account of the occurrence of "dear saint" a few lines above, and in regard to the fitness of the adjective 'fair.'

" "—— are no *stop* to me": — The 4to. of 1597, "are no *let,*" &c.

p. 69. "—— my '*haviour* light": — The folio prints this

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word in full, "*behaviour*." In the next line but one, "have more cunning," the reading of the 4to. of 1597, was misprinted, "have *coying*," in the later editions.

p. 70. "—— by yonder *blessed* moon I *swear*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The later editions have, "I *vow*," with manifest error; and the folio omits 'blessed.'

"—— thy *glorious* self": — Thus the 4to. of 1597. The later copies, "thy *gracious* self," less suitably to *Juliet's* mood, and to the remainder of her speech, in my judgment, and in that of a most intelligent and sympathetic reader of her own sex, to whom I referred the question.

" "If my *heart's dear love*": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "my *true heart's* love."

" "*Sweet, good night*": — In place of these words, the rest of this speech, and the next six speeches, the 4to. of 1597 has only, —

"I heare some comming
Deare loue adew, sweet Mountague be true,
Stay but a little and Il'e come againe."

p. 71. "To cease thy *suit*": — So the undated 4to. All other old editions, "thy *strife*," with manifest error.

p. 72. "To lure this *tercel-gentle*": — The tercel gentle was the most beautiful and the highest bred of all the hawks. "There is a fawkon gentyll and a tercell gentyll. And these be for a prynce." *Juliana Berners.*

" "And make her airy *tongue* more hoarse," &c.: — The 4to. of 1597 has, "airie *voice*," using a word which occurs just above. A part of the revision which the text of this tragedy did receive seems to have been devoted, as in the case of *Richard the Third* and other plays, to the removal of repetitions.

" "*My dear*": — So the undated 4to.; for which the "*Madame*" of the first 4to. is plainly a misprint. The later 4tos. and the folio have, "My *neece*."

p. 73. "Good night, good night: *parting is such sweet sorrow*," &c.: — The text of later 4tos. and the folio presents much confusion in the few lines at the end of this Scene. It is printed thus in the folio: —

"*Iul.* Good night, good night.
Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
Iul. Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,

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The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,
And *darknesse fleckel'd* [*fleckted*, 1599] like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path*way*, *made by Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly *Frier* close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my *deare* hap to tell."

Here we have indeed "a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered." But the confusion could easily have been rectified by conjecture, even had not the 4to. of 1597 furnished the proper arrangement. There are slight textual variations between the editions, which are indicated above by italic letter; and, as the text of the later editions seems in all respects the least to be relied on, that of the earliest has been adopted entirely.

Scene III.

p. 74. "But where *unbruised* youth": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, most plausibly, "*unbusied* youth." But the 4to. of 1597, as well as all the other old copies, has, "*vnbrused;*" and the epithet has such pertinence in the mouth of an old man, and one who had skill and practice in leechcraft, that it cannot safely be disturbed.

p. 75. "—— *and* homely in thy drift": — The folio misprints, "*rest* homely," &c.

" "—— and holy physic *lies*": — The apparent want of agreement here between the verb and the nominative is the result neither of ignorance nor oversight. See the Note on "On chalic'd flowers that lies," *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. 3.

" "Thy old groans *ring*": — So the first 4to.; the later editions, "*ringing*."

p. 76. "—— *she* whom I love now": — So the 4to. of 1597: the later editions, "*her* I love now."

Scene IV.

p. 77. "—— *how he dares, being dared*": — The 4to. of 1597, "*if hee bee challenged*."

" "—— *the very pin* of his heart," &c.: — See the Note on "by cleaving the pin," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 1, p. 460.

" "More than *prince of cats*": — 'Tybert' was a name for a "representative" cat, as 'Reynard' for a "repre-

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sentative" fox; and the cat in the old allegory, *Reynard the Fox*, is called *Tybert*.

p. 77. "—— a gentleman *of the very first house*":—Mr. Dyce remarks (*Beaumont and Fletcher*, Vol. VII. p. 16) that "this expression answers to the French '*gentilhomme de ville*,' which Cotgrave renders, 'a gentleman of the first head, an upstart gentleman.'"

" "—— the immortal *passado*, the *punto reverso*, the *hai*—":—The first and second of these Italian words are names of thrusts in fencing: the third, an exclamation used by swordsmen when they touched each other, equivalent to the Latin *habet* (= he has it) at the gladiatorial shows.

" "—— affecting *fantasticoes*":—So the 4to. of 1597. the later editions, "affecting *phantacies*."

" "—— these *pardonnez-mois*":—All the old copies, except the undated 4to., have, "*pardon-* [or *pardons-*] *mees*;" that copy, "*pardona-mees*." At the end of the speech, also, all the old copies have, "*bones*," for *bons*.

p. 78. "—— to your French *slop*":—See the Note on "all slops," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 329.

" "The *slip*, sir, the *slip*":—In illustration, Reed aptly quoted, "And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips." Robert Greene's *Thieves Falling Out, True Men come by their Goods*.

" "Thou hast most *kindly* hit it":—i. e., in kind; your reply was of a piece with my speech.

" "*Sure wit*":—The 4to. of 1597, "*Well said*."

" "O, *single-sol'd* jest":—Cotgrave best explains *Romeo's* jeer. He defines, (*in v. Monsieur*,) "*Monsieur de trois au boisseau, et de trois à un espée*: a threadbare, single soled, course-spunne gentleman."

" "*Switch* and spurs," &c.:—All the old editions print, "*Swits* and spurs, *swits* and spurs."

"—— the *wild-goose chase*":—We all use this expression frequently; yet I doubt whether with such an apprehension of its real meaning as to make Holt White's explanation of it superfluous, in America at least. "One kind of horse-race which resembled the flight of wild geese was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and whichever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him, over what-

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ever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other won the race."

p. 79. "—— a very *bitter-sweeting*" : — A kind of apple much used for sauce was (and perhaps is) called bitter-sweeting. The passage illustrates the antiquity of that dish so much esteemed of all boys and many men — goose and apple-sauce.

" "—— a wit of *cheverel*" : — i. e., of kid skin.

" "*A sail, a sail!*" — The 4to. of 1597, which is usually followed here, assigns this exclamation to *Mercutio*, and gives the passage with material variations in the text of the speeches, as follows : —

"*Rom.* Heers goodly geere.

Enter Nurse *and her man.*

Mer. A saile, a saile, a saile.
Ben. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.
Nur. *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.
Mer. Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face : for her fanne is the fairer of the two."

The text of the complete copy is followed in this edition, not chiefly in deference to its authority, but because it seems manifest either that the other is an imperfect representation of it, or that the dialogue was here expanded and enlivened on the revision of the tragedy. Especially does the surreptitious 4to. appear to err (yet since Malone's time — 1790 — it has hitherto been universally followed) in assigning that most Mercutian exclamation, "Two, two; a shirt and a smock!" to the taciturn, correct, and commonplace *Benvolio*. It should be observed, too, that in this Scene, both before and after the entrance of the *Nurse*, *Romeo* is in a very lively mood, and rivals *Mercutio* in the brisk encounter of empty words; but *Benvolio* is not moved from his usual quiet and decorum.

p. 80. "—— that God hath made *for* himself to mar" : — In the 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies 'for' is omitted, plainly by mere accident. This phrase was in common use in Shakespeare's day.

" "She will *indite* him to some supper" : — "Indite" is not improbably in ridicule of the *Nurse's* "confidence;" for *Benvolio* can be slyly ironical; but it is possibly a mere misprint of the 4to. of 1599. The 4to. of 1597 has, 'invite,' in which it is followed by Mr. Collier's folio of 1632; but that 4to. has, "con*fer*ence."

"*An old hare hoar*," &c. : — In the 4to. of 1597, before

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this song, there is the direction, "*He walkes by them and sings.*"

p. 81. "—— *lady, lady, lady*":—The burden of a song much in vogue in Shakespeare's day. See the matchless scene of drunken merriment in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

" "—— what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his *ropery*":—As to the use of 'merchant' in this derogatory sense, see the Notes on 1 *Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 3, p. 256. 'Ropery,' 'rope-ripe,' and 'rope tricks' were all used with humorous reference to acts deemed worthy of hempen expiation; and these, in Shakespeare's time, included almost every violation of public order or the laws of property.

" "*An 'a speak* any thing against me":—The 4to. of 1597, "*If he stand* any thing," &c.

" "—— his flirt-*gills* . . . his *skains-mates*":—'Gill' was used for 'girl,' 'wench.' So in Middleton's *Family of Love*, Act I. Sc. 2, Song:—

"Now, if I list, will I love no more,
Nor longer wait upon a gill,
Since every place now yields a wench.
If one will not, another will."

As to the epithet 'skains-mates,' which the *Nurse* applies to the female companions of *Mercutio*, if it be not a misprint it may mean scape-grace, or ne'er do well, or abandoned person; for a Kentish man told Mr. Staunton that the term was formerly in common use in Kent with that signification.

" "—— and very *weak* dealing":—Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "and very *wicked* dealing," which, perhaps, is what the *Nurse* means to say.

p. 82. "*Bid her devise some means*," &c.:—The 4to. of 1597 gives the remainder of this Scene in the following much-curtailed form:—

"*Rom.* Bid her get leave to-morrow morning
To come to shrift to frier Laurence cell:
And stay thou Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
My man shall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy
Must be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.
Nur. No, not a penie truly.
Rom. I say you shall not chuse.

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Nur. Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.
Rom. Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paine.
[*Exit.*
Nur. Peter, take my fanne, and goe before.
[*Ex. omnes.*"

p. 82. "*Warrant* thee": — Thus the 4tos. and the first folio. One of the modernizations of the second folio was the addition of the pronoun, "*I* warrant," &c., in which it has been universally followed hitherto. The elision was common in Shakespeare's day and long after, and has been before remarked upon in these Notes.

p. 83. "—— *R is for thee? no,* I know," &c.: — The old copies have, "R is for *the* no, I know," &c. Tyrwhitt suggested, "R is for the *dog*. No, I know," &c., which has been generally adopted; but Mr. Collier more reasonably supposes that 'the' was printed for 'thee,' which often happened.

" "—— and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *rosemary*": — "There's rosemary," says *Ophelia;* "that's for remembrance."

" "*Before, and apace*": — So the 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies. The 4to. of 1597, "Peter, take my fanne, and goe before."

Scene V.

" "*Which ten times faster,*" &c.: — Instead of this line and the rest of the speech, the 4to. of 1597 has, —

"And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle nurse,
What sayes my Loue?"

The omissions throughout this Scene in the text of the first 4to., or the additions made to it before the publication of that of 1599, or both, make a difference of more than one half between the two texts. To point them all out would be very inconvenient and quite useless.

" "But old folks, *marry, fare* as they were dead": — i. e., move, go, as they were dead. The old copies have, "but old folkes *many faine* as they were dead." Hitherto "*faine*" has been accepted as a spelling of 'feign,' though with a universally-expressed opinion that the passage was corrupt. But is it not clear that "*many faine*" is a misprint of "*marry, fare*"?

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p. 85. "They'll be in scarlet *straight at any news*": — Hanmer plausibly read, "straight*way* at *my* news," which reading was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. But the old text has an appropriate meaning, and must stand.

Scene VI.

See the Introduction to this play as to the authorship of this Scene.

p. 86. "—— the *gossamer*": — The old copies have, "the *gossamours*."

p. 87. "—— else *is* his thanks too much": — So the 4tos.: the folio misprints, "else *in*," &c.

"I cannot sum up *half my sum* of wealth": — The 4tos. have, "I cannot sum up *sum of half* my wealth:" the folio, "I cannot sum up *some of half*," &c. Steevens gave what is manifestly the true reading.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 88. "*Nay, an there were two such*": — In the 4to. of 1597 this passage is given thus: —

"*Mer.* Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for cracking of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would have pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands. And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling."

p. 89. "'*Zounds*, consort!" — So the 4tos.: the folio, "*Come* Consort," in deference, doubtless, to the statute 3 Jac. I.

"*Or* reason coldly," &c.: — Capell, Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, and Mr. Dyce plausibly read, "*And* reason coldly," &c. But *Benvolio* presents a triple alternative: either to withdraw to a private place, or to discuss the matter quietly where they were, or else to part company; and it is supremely in character that on such an occasion he should perceive and suggest all these methods of avoiding public scandal.

p. 90. "—— Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher*"

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— The 4to. of 1597 here furnishes a gloss by reading, "out of his *scabard*." No other instance of 'pilcher' is known; but the phrase 'leather pilche,' for leathern coat, frock, or case, occurs in several books of Shakespeare's day.

p. 90. "A plague o' both *the* houses": — Possibly y^r^ was mistaken for y^e^, and we should read, as afterward, "*your* houses."

" "*No, 'tis not so deep as a well*": — In the 4to. of 1597 this speech is much shorter than it appears in the text, which is that of the later editions; but its substance, with a slight addition, goes to swell the next and final speech of *Mercutio*. The following passage, however, in the 4to. of 1597 is entirely omitted from the text of the subsequent edition. It is not improbably an interpolation, and is certainly very corrupt. — "A poxe of your houses I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure-mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slave shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Prince's Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?" The epitaph is plainly meant for a rhyming couplet.

p. 91. "—— hath *aspir'd* the clouds": — In Shakespeare's time 'aspire' and 'arrive' were used without a preposition, as we now use 'attain.'

" "*Alive! in triumph*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The other old copies, with evident corruption, "*He gone* in triumph." The following are the last three lines of this speech as it appears in the first 4to.; and I cannot see much improvement in the text of the later editions.

> "Is but a little way aboue the cloudes,
> And staies for thine to beare him company.
> Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him."

p. 93. "O Prince, O *husband!*" — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent editions have, "O Prince, O *cozin*, husband;" the word 'cousin' having been caught, it would seem, from the line above.

" "*How nice the quarrel was*": — The rest of this speech appears thus in the 4to. of 1597. See the Introduction.

> "But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,
> The stout Mercutio drewe to calme the storme,
> Which Romeo seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
> And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
> And with his agill arme young Romeo,

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As fast as tung cryde peace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Under yong Romeos laboring arme to part,
The furious Tybalt cast an envious thrust,
That rid the life of stout Mercutio.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braved Romeo:
That had but newly entertain'd revenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did Tybalt fall,
And this way Romeo fled."

p. 93. "His *agile* arm": — So the 4to. of 1597, as will be seen above. That of 1599 misprinted, "*aged* arm," which was copied into the subsequent 4tos. and the folio.

p. 94. "—— your *hate's* proceeding": — The later 4tos. and the folio misprint, "your *heart's* proceeding."

' "Mercy *but* murthers": — So the 4tos. The folio has the common misprint of 'not' for 'but.' — The 4to. of 1597 gives the last two lines as follows, omitting the two which precede them in subsequent editions: —

"Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with us still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill."

Scene II.

' "Towards Phœbus' *lodging*:" — The 4to. of 1597 has, more ambitiously, but less appropriately, "Phœbus' *mansion*." Only the first four lines of this speech appear in that edition, and with noteworthy variations; thus: —

"Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To Phœbus' *mansion*, such a Waggoner
As Phaeton would *quickly bring* you *thether*,
And *send* in cloudie night immediately."

" "That *runaway's* eyes may wink": — So all the old copies, from the 4to. of 1599, in which the line first appeared. That 4to. prints, "That *runnawayes*," &c.; the folio, "That *run-awayes*," &c. I leave the old text of this perplexing and much-disputed passage undisturbed, because no one of the many emendations that have been proposed of it ever elicited my spontaneous recognition, and the best of them have equally failed to satisfy my deliberate judgment. The efforts to explain the passage as it stands are, with perhaps one exception, hardly less unsatisfactory. But I am inclined to think that although the obscure phrase, 'runaway's eyes,' has been discussed for a hundred years, and more, many

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explanations of it given, and many substitutes for it proposed, the true view of the passage was taken by the first editor who examined it — Warburton. He remarked, (in not very clear or correct English, I venture to say, in passing,) "*Juliet* here would have Night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the Sun; whom considering in a poetical light as Phœbus, drawn in his carr with fiery footed steeds, and posting thro' the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the Runaway." To Heath's much-approved censure of this explanation, that "the sun had been already sufficiently invoked, and is necessarily absent as soon as night takes place," the conclusive reply is, that the previous address to the horses of the sun would naturally suggest an allusion to the sun himself in this invocation, which is to Night; and that the fact that the sun is *necessarily* absent as soon as night begins is the very reason why *Juliet*, if she desired his absence, actual or potential, should invoke night's presence.

But there are other reasons than those suggested by Warburton for believing that Phœbus is the runaway meant by *Juliet*. For this closing of the eyes of watchful, babbling day — typified by the god of day — would completely satisfy *Juliet's* earnest wish that *Romeo* might come to her "untalked of and unseen." She begs Night to spread her curtains that sleep may fall upon the eyes of day — a fancy not uncommon with the poets. See, for instance, this passage from Drayton's *Baron's Warres*: —

"The sullen night hath her black Curtaines spred,
Lowring the day hath tarried up so long,
Whose faire eye closing softly steales to bed
When all the heauens with duskie clouds are hung."
Book III. St. 17, ed. 1610, p. 54.

Which lines the poet subsequently thus altered: —

"The sullen Night had her blacke Curtaine spred,
Lowring that Day had tarried up so long,
And that the Morrow might lie long a Bed
She all the Heav'n with duskie clouds had hung."
Ed. fol. 1619, p. 34.

That 'wink' was commonly used, when Shakespeare wrote, (as, indeed, it is even now,) to mean sleep, is so well known as to make citations in support of that use of it seem quite superfluous. But here are two passages in point.

"When most I wink then do mine eyes best see;
For all the day they view things unrespected,
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee."
Shakespeare's *Sonnet*, XLIII.

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"But this I am sure, that Euphues conclusion was this, betweene waking and winking, &c. . . . And thus they with long talking waxed weary, where I leave them, not willing to talke any longer, but to sleepe their fils till morning."

Euphues and his England, Sig. V, ed. 1597.

There is, however, yet another reason, equally cogent with any of the foregoing, and of a very different nature, for believing that Phœbus is the runaway upon whose eyes *Juliet* wishes the blindness of silence-bringing sleep to fall; and this is found in the traces left of the augmentation and correction of the play before the printing of the second edition. For in the first edition this invocation to Night does not appear; only the brief address to Phœbus' steeds, with the allusion to cloudy Night in the last line. (See the preceding Note.) Now, in that version *Juliet* calls upon the horses of the sun to hasten to "Phœbus' *mansion;*" but with the addition of the invocation to Night, and the promptly-uttered wish that the eyes of Day should close in sleep upon the spreading of her curtains, we find "Phœbus mansion" changed to "Phœbus *lodging*" — a variation so delicate, an adaptation of the old fancy to the new so felicitous, the introduction of a leading thought so subtle and yet so clear in purpose, that to believe it accidental would derogate too much from Shakespeare's skill, and tax too far the stretch of our credulity. And that the invocation to Night was not accidentally omitted from the 4to. of 1597, but was an addition to the first version of the tragedy, seems very clear; because both in Brooke's poem and Paynter's prose tale, which Shakespeare so closely followed, there are the following allusions to that lover's desire for the quick setting of the sun and the spreading of night's shadow, which the four lines of *Juliet's* speech found in the 4to. of 1597 so fully express: —

"So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The sun bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of night and doubled dark should straight all over hyde."

Romeus and Juliet, ed. Collier, p. 29.

"— for every minute of an houre seemed to them a thousande yeares, so that if they had power to commaund the heauens (as Iosua did the sunne) the earth had incontinently bene shadowed wyth darkest cloudes."

Palace of Pleasure, ed. Hazlewood, Vol. II. p. 360.

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And again in the morning, —

"The hastiness of Phœbus' steeds in great despyte they blame." *Romeus & Juliet*, ed. Collier, p. 31.

But in neither poem nor tale is there germ of the impassioned invocation to Night which first appeared in the "augmented" 4to. of 1599.

Nevertheless, the designation of Phœbus, or any other god or person, as runaway, absolutely, and without any defining article, is so abrupt and strange that it is not surprising that efforts have been made to find another meaning for the passage. The most plausible of the many suggestions which have been made are — the Rev. Mr. Halpin's, that the runaway whose eyes *Juliet* hopes may wink is Cupid; Mr. Robert Messinger's, of New York, (in a letter to me,) that 'runaways' means "those who run in the way, runagates, vagabonds;" and Mr. Douce's, that the runaway is *Juliet* herself. The chief support of the first of these explanations is, that in the poetry of Shakespeare's time 'runaway' was a name very commonly given to Cupid, whose preference for night was also often alluded to; the second might perhaps be worthier of consideration, were it not for the facts that at the period when this tragedy was written 'runaway' appears to have been used only to mean one who ran away, and that 'runagate,' which had the same meaning then that it has now, would have suited the verse quite as well as 'runaway;' while the last, although it suggests the view which *Juliet* would be likely to take of her position towards her parents, is entirely inconsistent with the passionful longing which this soliloquy expresses with such a singular union of directness and modesty, and which is its informing motive. For, as we have seen, 'wink' in this passage means (and in fact, as the winking was to be the consequence of the spreading of night's close curtains, it can only mean) sleep; and that *Juliet* should desire either *Romeo* or herself to be asleep at the time when she wishes that runaway's eyes may wink, is a supposition not to be entertained for a moment.

Of the very numerous readings which have been proposed for this passage, the following are worthy of mention: Heath's, "that *Rumour's* eyes," &c.; Jackson's, (chiefly because it was adopted by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier,) "that *unawares* eyes," &c.; Mr. Singer's, "that *rumourers'* eyes," &c.; Mr. Dyce's, (he having adopted it, and quoted in its support the passage from Drayton, above,) "that *rude day's* eyes," &c.; and that of an anonymous correspondent of mine, "that *runaway* [i. e., wandering] eyes," &c.

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p. 95. "*Hood* my *unmann'd* blood, *bating* in my cheeks": — Falcons were hooded, both that they might not see the game before the proper time, and that they might not be startled. An unmann'd hawk, according to Steevens, is one that has not been brought to endure company. Bating is fluttering.

" "—— *grown* bold": — The old copies have, "*grow* bold" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

" "—— *on* a raven's back": — The old copies have, down to the folio of 1632, "*upon* a raven's back," 'upon' having been caught, it would seem, from the line above. The undated 4to. has, "Whiter *than snow upon* a raven's back."

" "—— when *he* shall die": — So the undated 4to. The other old copies, "when *I* shall die."

" "*Enter* Nurse *with cords*": — The first 4to. has, "*Enter* Nurse *wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.*"

p. 96. "Can Heaven be so *envious?*" — i. e., so malicious.

" "And that bare vowel *I*": — It must be remembered (See the Notes on "I, ay, I myself," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. 2, and "so say I and ay the fool," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. 3) that in Shakespeare's time and after, the affirmative particle 'ay' was spelled with the simple vowel *I*, which it has been necessary to retain twice in this passage.

" "*God save the mark!*" — Of this exclamation, so common in Shakespeare's day, the origin and the meaning have yet to be discovered. But may not this passage aid the search? For in the 4to. of 1597 it stands, "God save the *sample!*" May we conclude from this that in the other phrase 'mark' means such a mark as is made with a needle upon a sampler?

" "—— I *swounded* at the sight": — So the 4to. of 1597: subsequent old editions, "I *sounded*," &c. Mr. Dyce reads, "I *swooned*," &c. But, proper as this may be under other circumstances, is there not something gained by leaving the vulgar form of the word in the Nurse's mouth?

" "My *dearest* cousin": — The 4to. of 1597, "My *dear-lovd* cousin."

p. 97. "*It did, it did*": — The folio, with manifest error, assigns this line to *Juliet*, and the next to the *Nurse*. The 4to. of 1597 is correct. It has, however, "O serpent's *hate*."

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p. 97. "A *damned* saint": — All old editions in which this passage occurs, but the undated 4to., have, "A *dimme* [or dimne] saint." For this speech in the 4to. of 1597 there are merely these four lines: —

"O serpent's hate hid with a flowring face
O painted sepulcher, including filth.
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter
So fairly bound. Ah what ment Romeo?"

And for *Juliet's* next speech we have but the following lines: —

"A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame:
Upon his face shame is ashamde to sit.
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?
That villaine Cousen would have kild my husband.
All this is comfort. But there yet remaines
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget:
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,
Romeo is banished. Ah that word banished
Is worse than death. Romeo is banished.
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Juliet,
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.
Where are my Father and my Mother nurse?"

and for her next the following: —

"I, I, when theirs are spent
Mine shall be shed for Romeo's banishment."

Scene III.

p. 100. "—— calling death — *banishment*": — So the 4to. of 1597: that of 1599, which is followed by later editions, has, "calling death *banished*," the last word having been caught from the previous line.

" "*And steal immortal blessing*," &c.: — This passage appears thus in the 4to. of 1597: —

"And steale immortall *kisses* from her lips
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.
O Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt," &c.

In the 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions it stands thus: —

"And steale immortall *blessing* from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.

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(2) This may flyes do when I from this must flie,
(4) And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
(1) But Romeo may not, he is banished
Flies may doe this but I from this must flie:
(3) They are freemen but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson," &c.

The passage was manifestly revised and altered; and that on the revision the old line, "Flies may do this," &c., (for which "This may flies do," &c., was substituted,) was accidentally retained, and that consequently the new lines, "But Romeo may not," &c., and "They are freemen," &c., were added in the wrong places, seems so clear that I have not hesitated to regulate the text accordingly. The figures indicate the transpositions.

p. 101 "—— hear me *a little speak*": — So the 4tos. of 1599 and 1609 and the undated 4to. The 4to. of 1597 has, "hear me *but speak a word;*" and that reading has been hitherto retained, although the change in the perfected copy seems plainly to have been made to avoid the unpleasant recurrence of 'word,' unemphasized, three times in four lines, twice at the end of lines spoken by the same character.

" "*Arise; one knocks*": — From this line to "O, he is even in my mistress' case" the 4to. of 1597 has but the following brief speeches: —

"*Fr.* I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.
Nur. Hoe Fryer.
Fr. Gods will what wilfulness is this?
She knockes againe.
Nur. Hoe Fryer open the doore.
Fr. By and by I come. Who is there?
Nur. One from lady Juliet.
Fr. Then come neare.
Nur. Oh holy Fryer, tell me oh holy Fryer,
Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's Romeo?
Fr. There on the ground, with his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen," &c.

p. 102. "—— *O, woeful sympathy,*" &c.: — This speech of the *Friar* is printed in all the old copies as part of the *Nurse's*. Farmer suggested that it was interjectional on the part of the *Friar*, and there can hardly be a doubt that he was right.

p. 103. "—— to our *cancell'd* love": — So all the 4tos. The folio repeats, "*canceal'd.*"

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p. 103. "—— *that in thy life lives*": — So the 4to. of 1599, with the easy misprint of "*lies*" for 'lives,' in which it was followed by subsequent editions. The 4to. of 1597 has, "And slay thy lady *too, that liues in thee?*"

" "Why *rail'st thou on thy birth, the Heaven and Earth*" — *Romeo* has not railed on his birth and Heaven and Earth; but, as Malone remarked, the poem *Rhomeus and Julietta* describes him as doing so in his interview with the *Friar;* and Shakespeare followed the remonstrance of the *Friar* as it appears in the poem, forgetful that he had neglected to put into *Romeo's* mouth the rebellious clamor for which his spiritual adviser chides him. The passage in the poem is as follows: —

"Fyrst Nature did he blame the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes aye so ryfe;
The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above:
The fatall sisters three he said had done him wrong;
The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne forth too long
He wished that he had before this time been borne,
Or that as soon as he was light his life had been forlorne.
His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe."

Seventeen consecutive lines of the *Friar's* speech, beginning with "By doing damned hate," &c., are not found in the 4to. of 1597. Their absence is due, without a doubt, to the hasty and surreptitious manner in which that edition was published, and not to the addition of them upon the revision of the play. For the supposition that Shakespeare, when, after years of mental development, he revised the early version of this tragedy, began his labor in this passage by finishing a sentence, and then, for the sake of sixteen lines, went helplessly back again to Brooke's old poem, and, taking it up where he before dropped it, led off by versifying a sentence inconsistent with what he had before written, is too absurd to merit a second thought.

p. 104. "—— there art thou happy *too*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The subsequent 4tos. and the folio omit 'too.'

"But like a *mis-behav'd* and sullen wench": — So the 4to. of 1597. The later 4tos., "a *mishaved;*" the folio, "a *mishaped.*"

"Thou *pout'st* upon": — So the undated 4to. That

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of 1599 and subsequent old editions, "Thou *puts up*," &c. The 4to. of 1597 has the line, —

"Thou frownst upon thy fate that smilles on thee."

SCENE IV.

p. 105. This Scene is somewhat shorter in the 4to. of 1597; but the variations are not of sufficient importance to be pointed out.

SCENE V.

p. 107. "—— *a Window open upon the Balcony*": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "*Enter* Romeo *and* Juliet *at the window;*" and that of 1599 and the folio have, "*Enter* Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft.*" The place meant is plainly the very same in which *Romeo* surprises *Juliet* confessing to herself her love for him; but in this edition the stage directions have been conformed to the poet's imagination of the scene. — The variations in this Scene between the text of the first 4to. and that of the 4to. of 1599 are not many or important, and are in a great measure, at least, due to the manner in which the former was obtained.

p. 108. "—— the lark makes sweet *division*": — See the Note on "with ravishing division," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "Hunting thee hence with *hunts-up*": — The air played on the horns to summon the hunters together was called hunts-up.

" "—— love, lord! *ay*, husband, *friend!*" — The 4to. of 1597 has, "my lord my love my friend;" and Mr. Dyce, who adopts that reading, doubts, with some reason, that the 'ay' of the subsequent editions is to be understood as equivalent to 'yes;' *ay* being a very unusual, in fact almost unknown, spelling of the affirmative particle in Shakespeare's time. It was changed to "*ah*" in the second folio. Perhaps it is a misprint for 'my.' The reading of the first 4to. has the advantage of ridding the line of the awkward and unpoetic word 'husband,' which is in no sense, except legally, a counterpart to 'wife.' But in the word 'friend,' which closes the ejaculation in both texts, there was not that anticlimax in Shakespeare's time that there is now. 'Friend' was then used to express the dearest possible relation, even between the sexes. It frequently occurs in that sense in the poem *Romeus and Juliet;* and, in the very passage which is here dramatized, *Juliet*, in her distress that *Romeo* will neither remain with her nor let her go with him, exclaims, (and Shakespeare seems to have remembered it.) —

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"For whom am I becomme unto myself a foe,
Disdayneth me, his stedfast *frend*, and skornes my *frendship* so
Nay Romeus, nay," &c.

And again, when at last they part, —

"Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With *frendly* kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
With solemne othe they both their sorrowful leave do take;
They sweare no stormy troubles shall their steady *frendship* shake."

p. 109. "—— *Adieu! adieu!*" — After *Romeo's* exit the 4to. of 1597 gives, with slight variation, the *Nurse's* warning speech above, and nothing more is said until the entrance of *Lady Capulet*.

"God pardon [*him!*]" — 'Him' is first found in the second folio.

p. 110. "—— the traitor *murtherer* lives": — 'Murtherer,' found in the 4to. of 1599, was accidentally omitted from that of 1609, which was followed by the folio.

" "—— the love I bore *my cousin*": — The second folio has, "my cousin *Tybalt;*" but the lost word in this line, needful only for the rhythm, was more probably, as Malone remarked, an epithet to 'cousin.'

"—— *I* beseech your ladyship?" — 'I,' omitted in the other old copies, is found in the undated 4to.

p. 111. "—— the *air* doth drizzle dew": — So the undated 4to. The other old copies (the line is not in the 4to. of 1597) have, "the *earth* doth drizle deaw," which absurd reading is probably the result of a confusion produced by the old pronunciation of 'earth,' *airth*, which has survived in New England. — Old *Capulet's* speech appears in the 4to. of 1597 as follows. The variations seem not due to the manner in which that text was obtained; and in that case are interesting because they show the manner in which Shakespeare worked over an idea.

"Why how now, euer more showring?
In one little bodie thou resemblest a sea, a barke, a storme:
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,
Still floating on thy euer falling teares,
And tost with sighes arising from thy heart:
Will without succour shipwracke presently."

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p. 112. "[*And yet not proud*," &c.: — This line, found in the perfect 4to. texts, was omitted from the folio, manifestly by accident.

"But *fettle* your fine joints," &c.: — i. e., make ready, put in order, your fine joints. See the *Craven Dialect* in *v*. Here the similarity of the old long *s* to *f* has thrown some doubt upon the reading. Capell notices, in his Various Readings, that *the quartos* ("4s") have, "*fettle* your fine joints." But the real state of the case is, that the 4to. of 1597 has, "fettle;" the subsequent 4tos. and the first folio, "fettle;" the folio of 1632, "fettle." The misprint is so very easy, and both words are so well adapted to the passage, that there may be some doubt as to what Shakespeare wrote. But the weight of authority is in favor of 'fettle.'

" "Out, you green-sickness *carrion!*" — It is intended, of course, that *Capulet* shall be vituperative; but the terms which he uses did not excite the disgust in Shakespeare's time that they do now. 'Carcass' and 'carrion,' and even kindred words that we do not now write or speak, were then used without indecency. The ideas and things which they express are talked about, and ever must be; it is only the words that have degraded in process of time. This is the general tendency of language: it is very rarely that words are raised permanently from a lower to a higher grade of usage.

" "That God had *sent* us but this only child": — So the 4to. of 1597; for which the "*lent* us" of the 4to. of 1599 (copied into the subsequent old editions) seems to me to be manifestly a misprint due to the mistaking of 'f' for 'l.'

' "And that we have a *curse* in having her": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "And that we haue a *crosse*," &c., for which the later reading is possibly a misprint.

p. 113. "*God's bread! it makes me mad*": — In this passage the text given is that of the 4to. of 1599 and the folio of 1623, which is manifestly corrupt. The 4to. of 1597 has, —

"Gods *blessed mother wife* it *mads* me
Day night, *early*, *late*, *at home*, *abroad*
Alone in company, *waking or sleeping*
Still my care hath been to *see* her matchd," &c.

It is equally plain that this is corrupt; and perhaps the composite reading given by Malone very nearly approaches what Shakespeare wrote, on the revision of the play.

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"God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd," &c.

p. 113. "A whining *mammet*": — It has been supposed that a puppet came to be called a mammet, from the exhibition of puppet shows in which Mahomet (easily corrupted into 'mammet') was the principal figure.

p 114. "*O God!* — *O Nurse!*" &c.: — For this impassioned speech the 4to. of 1597 has but the single line, —

"Ah Nurse, what comfort? what counsell canst thou give me?"

But this line is redundant and plainly corrupt, and contains the two words ('counsel' and 'comfort') of the perfect speech which would be most likely to impress a hearer, and which are necessary to carry on the dialogue. The deficiency, and the other wide difference between the two texts just here, (which yet could not be pointed out without printing both,) I believe to be owing to the surreptitious manner in which the earlier was obtained, and the haste with which it was printed.

" "Hath not so *green*, so quick, so fair an eye": — Of all the varieties of the orange-colored eye, (usually called black, hazel, or brown,) that which at a distance appears very dark, but which, when closely seen, is found to be of an olive-green tint, is perhaps the brightest and most beautiful.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 116. "—— at *evening Mass?*" — An error. Mass is always celebrated before midday. Evening service in the Roman church is called vespers.

p. 117. "—— past *cure*, past help!" — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies have, "past *care*," which seems to be a misprint of the reading of the 4to. of 1597, given in the text.

" "And *with this knife*": — The ladies of Shakespeare's day customarily wore knives at their girdles. — The folio misprints, "with '*his* knife."

p. 118. "—— to *slay* thyself": — The folio misprints, "to *stay*," &c.

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p. 118. "From off the battlements of *any* tower": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "*yonder* tower," which has been almost universally followed hitherto, as the more poetic reading. But the passage was evidently rewritten on the revision of the play, as will be seen by comparison with the earliest text, which will give the reader a fair notion of the nature and extent of the variations between the two versions in this part of the play, all of which cannot be noticed.

"Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie Paris)
From off the battlements of *yonder* tower
Or chaine me *to some steepie mountaines top*,
Where roaring Beares and *sauage lions are*
Or *shut* me nightly in a Charnell-house
With reekie shankes, and yellow chaples sculls
Or lay me in a tombe with one new dead
Things that to heare them namde have made me tremble,
And I will doo it without feare or doubt
To *keep myself* a *faithfull* vnstaind Wife
To my deere Lord, my deerest Romeo."

It is difficult to see why one word of the revised version should be rejected while all the others are accepted.

" "—— in his *shroud*": — So the undated 4to. Those of 1599 and 1609 have no word in the place of shroud. The folio, printed from the latter, supplied the hiatus with 'grave,' from the line above. The reading of the first 4to. will be found in the passage quoted in the preceding Note.

" "And this *distilled* liquor": — So the 4to. of 1597: that of 1599, the folio, and all other old copies, "*distilling* liquor," which, yielding to custom, I doubtfully displace for the earlier reading; as the former may either have been put for 'distilled,' according to the common practice of Shakespeare's time in relation to participial terminations, or used with reference, not to the manner in which the liquor was made, but to its quality of distilling, (like the "leperous distilment" poured in the ears of *Hamlet's* father,) "through the natural gates and alleys of the body." — In the 4to. of 1597 this speech appears in the following curtailed form, owing partly, perhaps, to additions made on the revision, but, without a doubt, chiefly to the manner in which the copy for that edition was obtained.

"*Fr.* Hold Juliet, hie the home, get thee to bed,
Let not thy nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,
And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

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When presently through all thy veynes shall run
A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze
Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe
His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.
And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,
Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.
And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds vault,
Ile send in hast to Mantua to thy Lord,
And he shall come and take thee from thy grave."

p. 118. "To *paly* ashes": — So the undated 4to. Other old editions in which the line is found, "*many* ashes."

p. 119. "*In thy best robes*, &c. . . . *Thou shalt be borne*," &c.: — The old editions have, —

"In thy best robes vncouered on the beere
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault," &c., —

the second line of which seems to be a remnant of a first draft, which accidentally crept into the revised text.

" "—— [*and he and I*," &c.: — The words within brackets are omitted from the folio only of all the old copies, and doubtless by accident. The folio also misprints, "*care*," for 'fear,' at the end of *Juliet's* next speech.

Scene II.

p. 120. "—— *to fall prostrate here*": — In the 4to. of 1597 the remainder of this Scene is as follows, that which has gone before being much mutilated. The Scene as it stands in that edition I believe to have been chiefly supplied from memory by some inferior versifier employed by the publisher.

"—— to fall prostrate here,
And crave remission of so foule a fact.
She kneeles downe.
Moth. Why thats well said.
Capo. Now before God this holy reuerent frier
All our whole Citie is much bound unto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will have this knot knit up to morrow.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow?
Moth. I pree thee do, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come unto you presently.

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Nur. Come sweet hart, shall we goe:
Jul. I pree thee let us.
Exeunt Nurse *and* Juliet.
Moth. Methinks on Thursday would be time enough.
Capo. I say I will have this dispatcht to morrow,
Goe one certefie the Count thereof.
Moth. I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.
Capo. I say to morrow while shees in the mood.
Moth. We shall be short in our prouision.
Capo. Let me alone for that, goe get you in,
Now before God my heart is passing light,
To see her thus conformed to our will."

p. 120. "—— what *becomed* love I might": — i. e., such expressions of love as were becoming to me; — the perfect participle for the present, according to the loose practice of Shakespeare's day.

Scene III.

p. 122. "—— the heat of *life*": — The folio has the easy misprint, "of *fire*."

" "—— *lie thou there*": — What *Juliet* lays down appears more clearly by the text of the first 4to. "*Knife* lye thou there."

" "*For he hath still been tried a holy man*": — Steevens, who has been generally followed, here "restored" a line from the first 4to.: "I will not entertain so bad a thought." But the speech, besides being much garbled in that edition, was manifestly much altered on the revision; and there is no necessity which justifies the resumption of this omitted line.

p. 123. "O, if I *wake*": — The old copies misprint, "I *walke*."

" "Upon *a* rapier's point": — The folio misprints, "*my* rapiers point."

"*Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! — I drink to thee*": — The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old editions have, "Romeo Romeo Romeo, *heres drinke*, I drinke to thee," where 'heres drink' is quite clearly the stage direction, '*here drink*,' which crept into the text, as Mr. Dyce surmised. He, however, adopts the reading of the first 4to.: "Romeo, *I come! this doe* I drinke to thee."

Scene IV.

"—— in the *pastry*": — i. e., in the place where paste, which we now incorrectly call pastry, is made. 'Pastry,

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meaning a place, is analogous with 'dairy,' (See the Note on "the day-woman," *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. 2,) 'aviary,' 'buttery,' 'grocery,' 'laundry,' 'belfry,' 'library,' 'armory,' 'infirmary,' &c.

p. 124. "The *curfew* bell hath rung": — So both the earlier and the later texts. An error inexplicable to me. The curfew bell was rung at eight in the evening. It still is rung at nine in New England, though within the last ten years the custom has been rapidly disappearing. Shakespeare elsewhere (*Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 2, and *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 1) uses 'curfew' correctly.

" —— you *cot-quean*, go": — As late as the beginning of the last century a man given to prying into women's matters was called a cot-quean. See *Vanbrugh's Confederacy*, (1705.) Act II. "*Money-trap*. You won't take it amiss if I should ask you a few questions? — *Flippanta*. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now?" And in the Craven dialect a man fond of cooking for himself is called a cot.

SCENE V.

p. 125. " —— hath *set up his rest*": — See the Note on this phrase, *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 121.

p. 126. "*Ha! let me see her*": — For this speech the 4to. of 1597 has but the two following lines: —

> "Stay let me see, all pale and wan
> Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man."

The variations between the earlier and the later texts are very great in this Scene. The commonplace thoughts and the feeble, formal rhythm of the former, in most of the passages peculiar to it, warrant the belief that they were supplied by another hand than Shakespeare's.

" "*Have I thought*," &c.: — After this line the 4to. of 1597 has the following, which require higher authority than that of such a publication to cause them to be received as Shakespeare's.

> "And doth it now present such prodegies?
> Accurst, unhappy, miserable man!
> Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am;
> Borne to the world to be a slaue in it:
> Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.
> O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
> To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall?"

p. 127. "*O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful.day!*" — In this speech of mock heroic woe, and perhaps in the two that follow,

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Shakespeare seems to have ridiculed, as he has done elsewhere, the translation of Seneca's Tragedies, published in 1581. In the 4to. of 1597, for the speeches of the *Nurse* and *Paris*, we have, with the stage-direction, "*All cry out at once, and wring their hands.*"

"*All cry.* And all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled."

p. 127. "—— confusion's *cure* lives not": — The old copies misprint, "confusions *care*," &c.

p. 128. "*In all* her best array": — So, as to the first two words, the 4to. of 1597: "In all her best and sumptuous ornaments." Subsequent impressions having, "*And in* her best array." In the next line the old editions have, "*some* nature" — an easy misprint, corrected in the folio of 1632.

" "*Enter Peter*": — So the direction of the folio. The 4to. of 1597, "*Enter seruingman:*" those of 1599 and 1609, "*Enter* Will Kempe," which evidence that Kempe played *Peter* is also in favor of the authenticity of the text from which the latter was printed.

" "—— some *merry dump*": — 'Dump' conveyed no ludicrous impression in Shakespeare's day, though it here serves a comic purpose. — The preceding words, "of woe," are found only in the undated 4to.

p. 129. "—— but the *gleek*": — The allusion to the glee-man or gligmon is obvious. Not so, however, the double meaning in the musician's reply, unless *Peter* means that he will apply the term 'minstrel' reproachfully, and the musician that he will retort by calling *Peter* the servant to the minstrel.

" "*Then have at you with my wit*": — These words are made a part of the Second Musician's speech in all old copies in which they occur.

" "*When griping grief*," &c.: — The song from which these lines are taken is in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, in which it is ascribed to Richard Edwards, who wrote *Damon and Pythias*. The second line, "And doleful dumps," &c., is omitted in all the old copies but that of 1597.

"*Pretty!* What say you," &c. — So the 4to. of 1597. Later editions misprint, "*Prates*," or "*Pratest*." The same error is repeated in *Peter's* next speech.

" "—— because *musicians* have *no* gold for sounding": — The 4to. of 1597, "because such *fellowes as you* have *sildome* golde for sounding. *Farewell* fidlers, *farewell*."

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ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 130. "—— the flattering *sooth* of sleep" — i. e., the flattering augury or prognostication of sleep. So Spenser, —

"And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges
The sodain rising of the raging seas,
The *soothe* of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The powre of herbes," &c. *The Shepherd's Calendar*, l. 85.

The interpretation of dreams was one of the most important functions of the sooth-sayer. The word can hardly need gloss or explanation of any kind. — The 4to. of 1597 has, "the flattering *eye* of sleep," and the 4to. of 1599, and subsequent old editions, "the flattering *truth* of sleep." One or other of these readings has hitherto been given; that of the first 4to. having poetic significance in its favor: that of the second 4to., the first folio, &c., having authority on its side. Yet the last is quite incomprehensible; for what is "the truth of sleep"? But, although 'truth' could not be a misprint for 'eye,' it might very easily be printed for 'footh,' (or 'fouth,' as it was commonly written,) either through mistake of eye or ear. And there is a connection of ideas between the presaging "eye of sleep" and the "sooth of sleep" in dreams, by which we can detect the correcting hand of the poet, or the confused memory of the procurer of the first edition of the play, and which is not traceable between 'eye' and 'truth.' For, even according to ancient usage, 'sooth' and 'truth' were not absolute synonyms: 'sooth' was a promising, forward-looking, or a sweet, pleasant truth; and in this shade of difference is the affinity between the reading of the first 4to. and that of this corrected text. *Pericles*, in a passage unmistakably Shakespeare's, furnishes at once a comment upon this reading and a confirmation of it: —

"When Signior *Sooth*, here, does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life."
Act I. Sc. 2.

" "—— sits lightly *in* his throne": — Here, as well as in the fifth line below, 'in' is used for 'upon.'

" "*How fares my Juliet?*" — So the 4to. of 1597. That of 1599, which is followed by subsequent old editions, has, "How *doth* my *lady* Juliet," which would clearly seem an accidental repetition of the question in the line immediately above it; even did it not add two entirely superfluous syllables to the verse.

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p. 131. "—— then I *defy* you, stars": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "then I defie *my* stars:" that of 1599 and subsequent old copies have, "then I *denie* you stars." Although the latter reading is not inappropriate, any doubts as to the presence in it of a slight typographical error are entirely removed by *Romeo's* words in the tomb scene, —

"O here
Will I set up my ever lasting rest,
And *shake the yoke* of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

"*I do remember an apothecary*": — This picture of the apothecary and his shop is one of the passages which seem to show most plainly, by comparison of the earlier and later versions, the perfecting labor bestowed upon the former by the author. The 4to. of 1597 has, —

"As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:
And in the same an Aligarta hangs,
Old endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels
Being Holiday the Beggers shop is shut." —

But see the Introduction to this play.

p. 132. "—— and full of *wretchedness*": — The 4to. of 1597, "full of *povertie*."

"*Need and oppression starveth*," &c.: — For this and the following verse the 4to. of 1597 has, —

"Vpon thy backe hangs ragged miserie,
And starued famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

" "I *pay* thy poverty:" — So the first 4to. The 4to. of 1599 and the folio have, "I *pray*," &c. — a palpable corruption. *Romeo* does not pray; but he does pay.

Scene II.

p. 133. "—— to *associate* me": — This incident is adopted from the *Tragicall History*. — It was and still is the custom in many religious orders not to permit one member of them to go about by himself; and often three are required

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to diminish the temptation to confidential communications. — This Scene is much shorter in the first 4to.

p. 134. "The letter was not *nice*": — i. e., not a small matter. To be nice is to be particular in small things.

SCENE III.

" "*A Churchyard: in it a Monument*," &c.: — The monument in which *Juliet* was entombed plays as important a part in the old tale as in the tragedy; and it has been conjectured, perhaps with reason, that the original author had in mind the tomb of the Scaligers or della Scalas in Verona. There is a tradition in Verona that the lovers were buried in the crypt of the Franciscan convent of Fermo Maggiore; and a plain stone sarcophagus which was removed from the ruins of that building after its destruction by fire, is yet shown in Verona as Juliet's tomb.

" "—— and stand *aloof*": — The folio misprints, "stand *aloft*."

" "Under *yond' yew-trees*": — The 4to. of 1597 has, "Under *this* yew *tree*," that of 1599 and the subsequent old copies, "yond *young* trees" — a manifest error.

p. 135. "*Sweet flower*," &c.: — Here the 4to. of 1597 has, —

"Sweet Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,
The perfect model of eternitie:
Faire Iuliet that with angells dost remaine,
Accept the latest favor at my hands,
That living honord thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe."

" "*Enter Romeo and Balthasar*": — So the 4to. of 1597. The other old copies, "Enter Romeo and *Peter*." Possibly, says Mr. Collier, Kempe doubled his part, and acted both *Peter* and *Balthasar*, and hence the confusion.

p. 136. "—— *with which grief*": — These words and what follows, to "I will apprehend him," are not found in the 4to. of 1597.

" "I do defy thy *conjurations*". — Thus the 4to. of 1597. That of 1599 misprinted, "thy *commirations*," of which a sort of sense was made in subsequent impressions by changing it to "thy *commiseration*."

p. 137. "—— *or did I dream it so?*" — Instead of the next seven lines the 4to. of 1597 has, —

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"But I will satisfie thy last request,
For thou hast prizd thy love above thy life."

p. 137. "—— O, no! a *lanthorn*":—An architectural allusion. A small open cupola which admits light and gives ventilation to a dome or hall is called a lantern or *louvre*, (*l'ouvert.*) In the ancient kitchens and halls the louvre was the only exit for the smoke and heated air of the apartment. See the following passage from the old Romance *Thomas of Reading.*—"And with that he caused his Men to take him presently, and to bind him Hand and Foot. Which being done, they drew him vp in a Basket into the Smoky Louer of the Hall, and there did let him hang, &c. And in such a heate was hee driuen with drawing him vp, that he was faine to cast off his Gownes, his Coates and two paire of his Stockings," &c. Sig. F. ed. 1632.

" "—— a feasting *presence*:"—so "yesterday he [the King] dined in the presence in great pomp, with his rich cupboards of plate," &c. *Letter of John Chamberlayne to Sir Dudley Carleton*, London, Jan. 5, 1608. [*Apud* Rev. Joseph Hunter.

" "—— *O my love! my wife!*"—For these words and the ensuing five lines the 4to. of 1597 has only,—

"Ah deare *Iuliet*
How well thy beauty doth become this grave?"

p. 138. "—— *Shall I believe*
That unsubstantial Death," &c.:—The 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies, including the folio, give this passage thus:—

"Why art thou yet so faire? *I will beleeve*
Shall I believe that unsubstantiall death," &c.,—

where it is manifest that the superfluous words, 'Shall I believe,' were intended to supersede the preceding three, which accidentally were allowed to remain in the copy. The 4to. of 1597 has,—

"O I beleeve that unsubstanciall death
Is amorous."

" "*Depart again*":—Here the text is that of the undated 4to. The 4to. of 1597 is not so full: that of 1599 and the folio have the astonishing jumble,—

"Depart againe, *come lie thou in my arme*, [fol. *armes*,]
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart again," &c.,—

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where, as will be seen by following out the passage and comparing the two texts, some inexplicable cause has produced an almost unprecedented confusion of manuscripts. The recurrence of the phrases, 'Depart againe' and 'O true apothecarie,' and the second proposal of the health, certainly warrant the conclusion that the compositor or transcriber of the speech had an indistinct though reduplicating perception of it. Therefore I have no hesitation in adopting the text of the undated 4to.

p. 138. "Will I *set up my everlasting rest*": — See the Note on this phrase in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. Sc. 1.

' "—— *Who's there?*" — After these words Malone and some other editors have inserted, "Who is it that consorts so late the dead?" — a line which in the 4to. of 1597 is the first of the *Friar*'s reply to *Balthasar*.

p. 139. "—— some ill *unlucky* thing": — So the folio and the 4to. of 1609. The 4to. of 1599, "some ill *unthrifty* thing."

p. 140. "O churl! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop": — Thus the 4to. of 1599: that of 1597 has, "*drink* all, and *leave* no friendly drop." The 4to. of 1609 has, "*drink* all, and *left*," &c., with a slight typographical deviation from the 4to. of 1599, (from which it was printed,) which was perpetuated in subsequent old editions. To modern taste the reading of the first 4to. is perhaps the more elegant; but the speech in that edition is but of two lines, and was plainly expanded and rewritten for the perfect copy.

" "—— there *rust*, and let me die": — The 4to. of 1597 gives this passage thus: —

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.
O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus do I come to thee," —

where 'rest' has induced the supposition (to which, when I was green in judgment, I hastily agreed) that 'rust' of the 4to. of 1599 and subsequent old copies is a misprint. Its best support is Mr. Dyce's remark that "at such a moment the thoughts of *Juliet* were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger." But *Juliet's* thoughts do not wander: they go forward, though not to the literal end. Her imagination is excited, and, looking beyond her suicidal act, she sees her dead *Romeo's* dagger, which would otherwise rust in its sheath, rusting in her heart; and, with fierce and amorous joy, she cries, —

"*This* is thy sheath; *there* rust, and let me die."

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p. 142. "Seal up the mouth of *outrage*": — Should any reader seek what is called a justification for this use of 'outrage,' Mrs. Clarke's Concordance will direct him to one in *Henry the Sixth*.

p. 143. "*I will be brief*," &c.: — In the two versions of the tragedy this speech differs little in thought and nothing in purpose, but greatly in language. In the earlier it is much the poorer, and with a poverty of expression which is not Shakespeare's at any period of his life. I believe it to have been patched up from memory or imperfect notes by an inferior hand.

"*Fr.* I am the greatest able to doo least.
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.
And Ile informe you how these things fell out.
Juliet here slaine was married to that Romeo,
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant:
The nurse was privie to the marriage.
The balefull day of this unhappie marriage,
Was Tybalts doomesday: for which Romeo
Was banished from hence to Mantua.
He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint
To marrie her to Paris: But her Soule
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse
To give consent; and therefore did she urge me
Either to finde a meanes she might avoyd
What so her Father sought to force her too:
Or els all desperately she threatened
Even in my presence to dispatch her selfe
Then did I give her, (tutord by mine arte
A potion that should make her seeme as dead:
And told her that I would with all post speed
Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,
That he might come and take her from the Toombe.
But he that had my Letters (Friar John)
Seeking a Brother to associate him,
Whereas the sicke infection remaind,
Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,
But Romeo understanding by his man
That Juliet was deceasde, returnde in post
Unto Verona *for to* see his love.
What after happened touching Paris death,
Or Romeos is to me unknowne at all.
But when I came to take the Lady hence,
I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:
Whom faine I would have taken from the tombe,
Which she refused seeing Romeo dead.
Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,
What after happened I am ignorant of.

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And if in this ought have miscarried
By me, or by my meanes let my olde life
Be sacrificed some houre before his time.
To the most stricktest rigor of the Law."

Notice the idioms 'whereas' and 'for to,' which Shakespeare seems so sedulously to have avoided, and which, it should be observed, are found in all the surreptitious and mutilated versions of his plays, and disappear in the authentic editions.

p. 145. "There shall no figure at *such* rate": — So the 4to. of 1599. The 4to. of 1609 misprinted, "at *that* rate," and was followed by the folio. The 4to. of 1597 has, —

"There shall no figure of such price be set
As that of Romeos loved Juliet."

" "A *glooming* peace": — The 4to. of 1597 only has, "A *gloomie* peace," &c., which perhaps should be followed, 'glooming' being possibly a misprint induced by 'morning' in the same line.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

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Timon of Athens occupies twenty-one pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 80 to p. 98 inclusive, in the division of Tragedies; but the numberings 81 and 82 are, by an error, repeated. Page 98 is followed by a leaf, on the recto of which appears "The Actors' Names," and the list of characters fills the whole page: the back of it is blank. There is no division of the play into Acts and Scenes.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

INTRODUCTION.

FEW thinking men have reached the age of thirty-five with the germs of a Timonic misanthropy undeveloped in their souls; and as it is not improbable, so will few find it difficult of belief, that the hero of the following play once lived, and loved, and hated. We first hear particularly of Timon in the dialogues of the Greek satirist whose flashing wit and fiery scorn consumed the stubble of a decayed philosophy and an effete religion. But that his name and nature were previously known to Greek literature, we learn from a passage in Plutarch, thus translated by North in 1579: —

"Antonius, he forsooke the citie and companie of his frendes, and built him a house in the sea, by the Ile of Pharos, vpon certaine forced mountes which he caused to be cast into the sea and dwelt there, as a man that banished him selfe from all mens companie: saying that he would lead Timons life, bicause he had like wrong offered him, that was affore offered vnto Timon: and that for the vnthankefulnes of those he had done good vnto, and whom he tooke to be his frendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man. This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the warre of Pæloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes commedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a vyper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shunne all other mens companies, but the companie of young Alcibiades, a bolde and insolent youth, whome he woulde greatly feast and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus wondering at it, asked him the cause what he ment to make so muche of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, I do it, sayd he, bicause I know that one day he shall do great mischiefe unto the Athenians. This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his companie, bicause he was much like to his nature and condicions, and also followed him in maner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated

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the feasts called Choæ at Athens (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they make sprincklings and sacrifices for the dead), and that they two then feasted together by them selves, Apemantus said vnto the other: O, here is a trimme banket Timon. Timon answered againe, yea said he, so thou wert not here. It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got vp into the pulpit for Orations, where Orators commonly vse to speake unto the people; and silence being made, euerie man listening to heare what he would say, bicause it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speake in this maner. My Lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves: and bicause I mean to make some building vpon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go and hang your selues. He dyed in the citie of Hales, and was buried vpon the sea side. Nowe it chaunced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe rounde about, that no man coulde come to it: and vpon the same was written this epitaphe.

Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft,
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

"It is reported, that Timon himselfe when he lived made this epitaphe: for that which is commonly rehearsed was not this, but made by the poet Callimachus.

Heere lye I Timon who aliue all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill: but passe, and stay not here thy gate."

North's Plutarch, ed. 1579, p. 1003.

The works of Plato and Aristophanes in which Timon is mentioned are lost; but Lucian devotes an entire Dialogue to the story of the misanthrope, calling it by his name. We may be sure that Shakespeare's Greek was not sufficient to enable him to read Lucian in the original, and we know of no translation of the Dialogues into English earlier than 1638. But there were French and Latin versions; and either from one of these, or from some friend, or some antecedent dramatist, who could read Greek, it seems clear that Shakespeare derived an acquaintance with Lucian's work sufficient to enable him to fill up with many characteristic traits the meagre sketch he found in Plutarch. For between the Dialogue and the tragedy, there are these points of marked resemblance.* When in the Dialogue

* They have already, for the most part, been pointed out in Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, &c., Vol. II. pp. 280–288.

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Jupiter, hearing the cries of Timon for vengeance upon the ingratitude and wickedness of men, asks Mercury who it is that calls upon him, Mercury replies that it is Timon, the wealthy Athenian, who used to offer whole hecatombs to the gods, and that "his probity, humanity, and charity to the poor, have been the ruin of him; or rather, in fact, his own folly, easiness of disposition, and want of judgment in his choice of friends; he never discovered that he was giving away his all to wolves and ravens. Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, ate his bones bare, and if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those, who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon." *

The identity of this Timon and that of the tragedy in motive is too plain to need special indication; and their correspondence becomes more manifest when we remark that Lucian's Timon says, "The fairest name I would wish to be distinguished by is that of misanthrope," and Shakespeare's, (Act IV. Sc. 3,) "I am misanthropos and hate mankind;" and, again, that the misanthrope of the Dialogue, like him of the play, finds gold as he digs, and exclaims, "It is, it must be gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy sweet to behold. . . . Burning like fire thou shinest day and night: come to me thou dear delightful treasure: now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover!" The likeness between this apostrophe and that of the play, both of which contain, it is to be observed, an allusion to the myth of Jupiter and Danae, could not have been fortuitous: —

"What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!" Act IV. Sc. 3.
"O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

* See Franklin's translation of Lucian.

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Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solderest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss!" *Ibid.*

Lucian's Timon says that he gave one of his false friends a piece of ground and "two talents for his daughter's portion;" Shakespeare's (Act I. Sc. 1) gives three talents to balance the marriage portion of a woman loved by one of his retinue. To both misanthropes the acquisition of new riches brings back the parasites of their prosperity — a poet and a senator in each case — and by both these creatures are driven off with blows and obloquy.

Manifestly, then, Shakespeare, in writing certain passages of *Timon of Athens*, took hints as well from Lucian's as from Plutarch's portraiture of the Greek misanthrope. But although he might have become acquainted with the former in a French or Latin version, it is far more probable that such knowledge as he had of it reached him through some narrative or dramatic work, all trace of which has perished; unless, indeed, we find vestiges of an antecedent play in the very tragedy before us. The story of Timon, however, was generally known in Shakespeare's day, in the literature of which it was often referred to. He might have first read it as a youth in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, a book with which we know that he was well acquainted, and the first volume of which, published in 1567, contains a novel "Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe." There is also another play upon the subject, written during Shakespeare's life, "for the amusement of an academic audience," a contemporary manuscript of which still exists in the possession of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, by whom it was edited for the Shakespeare Society. Few of its readers will be inclined to dissent from its learned editor's opinion, that Shakespeare was unacquainted with it; but there is a trifling coincidence between the dead academic and the living popular tragedy. In the former, as in the latter, Timon invites his false fair-weather friends to a mock banquet; in the former he sets before them stones painted like artichokes, with which he pelts them from his presence; in the latter, the dishes are filled with warm water, with which the host deluges his flying guests; and yet

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one of the rout exclaims, "One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*." This incongruity seems manifestly due to a reminiscence of the academic play; of which Shakespeare might have heard an account, or which might have been known to the writer of a dramatic "Life of Tymon" more or less antecedent to that one which has caused all others to be forgotten.

For as to this play we have yet again a question of uncertain authorship. The internal evidence entirely sustains Heminge and Condell in setting it forth as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. The more important part of it, if not the larger, seems not only to be Shakespeare's, but to be eminently Shakespearian in style. Nor can we attribute to the subject of this tragedy alone the fierce misanthropy with which it is pervaded; for this, like strata heaved up by hidden fires, crops out elsewhere from the gentle and smiling surface of our author's most human and charitable nature. There is an intensity in the hatred, and a relish in its expression, which could only spring from profoundest knowledge of mankind. But other parts are just as clearly not Shakespeare's; — so clearly that any critic who should say, like Coleridge, that he found "the same vigorous hand at work throughout" this play,* would expose the unsoundness of his own judgment hardly less than Schlegel did when he pronounced *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, "not only unquestionably Shakespeare's," but worthy "to be classed among his best and maturest works."

We are entirely without external evidence as to the heterogeneous composition of this tragedy; and in the time that I could give to the subject, I have been unable to discover any internal evidence of such a kind that it could be logically set forth as premise leading to conclusion. What a closer study might give me confidence to do, I cannot say; but at present I shall only venture to give an opinion in very general terms, upon the following enumeration of the Acts and Scenes: —

Act I.

Scene 1. Shakespeare's until the entrance of *Apemantus*. The *Apemantus* of this Scene seems like a poor imitation of Shakespeare's *Thersites*.

Scene 2. Not Shakespeare's.

* As reported in Collier's Shakespeare, 1843, Vol. VI. p. 501.

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ACT II.

Scene 1. Shakespeare's, although so brief and apparently unimportant. The following passage unmistakable: —

"nor then silenc'd, when —
'Commend me to your master,' — and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus; — but tell him
My uses cry to me."

Scene 2. Shakespeare's, except the passage in which the *Fool* appears.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Not Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, the last speech.

Scene 2. Somewhat doubtful; but most probably not Shakespeare's.

Scene 3. Not Shakespeare's.

Scene 4. Not Shakespeare's.

Scene 5. Not Shakespeare's.

Scene 6. Not Shakespeare's; except *Timon's* last speech, "May you a better feast," &c., and perhaps his grace, "You great benefactors," &c.

ACT IV.

Scene 1. Shakespeare's.

Scene 2. Shakespeare's, mostly; but in thought and in versification the latter part of *Flavius'* last speech is inferior to, and unlike, those parts of the play which are unmistakably Shakespeare's.

Scene 3. Shakespeare's, and in his largest style.

ACT V.

Scene 1. But partly Shakespeare's, whose hand does not appear until the entrance of *Timon*.

Scenes 2 and 3. Not Shakespeare's.

Scene 4. [Sc. 5 according to division.] Shakespeare's beyond a question.*

* As I am giving now a mere opinion, I venture to add that it was formed in this manner. When, on reading Mr. Knight's Introductory Notice to this play, about ten years ago, I came upon the passage in which he declares his conviction that it is not wholly of Shakespeare's writing, (his reasons for which he afterwards sets forth with such ability, and, with a single exception, such discrimination,) I immediately closed the volume, and read through the play in my Chiswick unannotated edition, making a brief memorandum of the impression left upon me by each Scene as I read it. This I did purely for my own satisfaction, and without a thought that I should ever trouble the stu-

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It will be observed that the Scenes above attributed to Shakespeare are, with one or two exceptions, those in which *Timon* is the principal personage; and this supports the conjecture either that the play was sketched by another dramatist, who himself furnished only inferior Scenes, Shakespeare writing all those of most importance, or that it is made up of an older play which Shakespeare undertook to furbish and embellish, and upon which he was led to bestow more labor than he at first intended, without, however, making his *rifacciamento* complete. The latter alternative accounts the better for the introduction of the Scenes between *Alcibiades* and the Senators of Athens, which have no connection whatever with the progress of the play. But upon this subject we cannot even argue; we can only guess: and so I leave it; merely remarking that the story of Timon is one which would be likely to attract the eye of a London dramatist in Shakespeare's earlier years, in spite of its unfitness

dents of Shakespeare with my notions about this play or any other. From that time to the present I have not seen these memorandums, (of which I have given above almost a literal transcript,) or had occasion to consult Mr. Knight's Introductory Essay to this play; and now upon comparing them, I find that they accord in all essential particulars, with one important exception.—I mention, by the way, my making of these memorandums independently, not, I believe, from mere egotism; still less from a desire to set up for myself any claim to the credit of first pronouncing upon the heterogeneousness of this play, which belongs exclusively, as far as I know, to Mr. Knight; but merely because if I were reader instead of editor, I should be pleased if, in a like case, the editor did as I have done.—But to my point of difference with Mr. Knight, as to which not even my high respect for his sympathetic appreciation of Shakespeare's thought can make me doubt. He says of "the concluding Scene of the fifth Act," that it "presents nearly every characteristic by which the early contemporaries of Shakespeare are to be distinguished from him; and the negation, in the same degree, of all those qualities which render him so immeasurably superior to every other dramatic poet." This must be mere matter of opinion; and I can only cite the following passages in support of mine.

"*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, *and such*
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: *Now the time is flush,*
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, No more: now breathless wrong

for dramatic treatment, on account of the eccentricity of its principal, or rather its only, character, and the fact that it was very generally known to the public which a London company of players would wish to attract and please.

The date of the production of this tragedy, in the form in which it has come down to us, is uncertain. There is an entire absence of external evidence upon that point, and also of other internal evidence than its style. This places it among the plays which we owe to the last period of Shakespeare's productive life. His work upon it was probably performed between 1605 and 1610.

The first folio is the only source of the text of *Timon of Athens;* and there it is found in a very corrupted state. Its versification in certain Scenes was probably never smooth, but in this regard it has doubtless suffered greatly in the printing office or in transcription. In the latter part of the play the broken lines are scattered sparsely along the page of the folio, — the very

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight."
"2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(*If thy revenges hunger for that food,*
Which nature loathes,) *take thou the destin'd tenth;*
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted."
"Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, *yet rich conceit*
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

It seems to me that the discriminating and frequent reader of Shakespeare cannot fail to trace in these lines, especially in those which I have emphasized, Shakespeare's peculiar variety of rhythm and spontaneousness of utterance, and even his way of punning himself into a conceit, as well as his grand compulsion of the greatest of Nature's forces into the train of similes which bear along his thought.

Compare, too, the last words of the play, "Let the drums strike," with the correspouding words of *Much Ado about Nothing, Love's Labour's Lost, The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Coriolanus, Hamlet,* and *Pericles.* I remember no other dramatist who ends his plays with such simple and apparently matter-of-course speeches

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wrecks of well-proportioned verses. Something has been done to remedy this misfortune; but little can be safely attempted; and the present editor, like his immediate predecessors, has in many cases preserved the derangement of the folio, hopeless of all effort for its rectification. The sense of the text is in better condition than its form, especially in certain entire Scenes; which again favors the conjecture that these Scenes are the work of an inferior artist. But throughout the play there is sufficient obscurity and corruption to make probable restoration welcome, even at the cost of unusual violence to the readings of the only authoritative edition.

The period of the action, according to the passage in Plutarch, is about the time of the Peloponnesian war — B. C. 432. The costume, of course, is to be found in the remains of Greek art of the Periclean period, and that which followed it.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords: flatterers of* Timon.

VENTIDIUS, *one of* Timon's *false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to* Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *Servants to* Timon.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, } *Servants to* Timon's *Creditors.*

Servants *of* Varro, Ventidius, *and* Isidore: *two of* Timon's *Creditors.*

Cupid *and* Maskers. *Three* Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, *and* Merchant.

An old Athenian. *A* Page. *A* Fool.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to* Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, *and* Attendants.

SCENE: Athens, *and the Woods adjoining.*

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THE LIFE OF

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Others, *at several doors.*

POET.

GOOD day, sir.
Painter. I am glad y' are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known;
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? — See,
Magic of beauty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.
Merchant. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jeweller. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.

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Jew. I have a jewel here —
Mer. O, pray, let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that —
Poet. [*To himself.*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. [*Looking at the jewel.*] 'Tis a good form.
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idlely from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shews not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir. — When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination
Moves in this lip; to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches livelier than life.

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Enter certain Senators, *who pass over the stage.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The Senators of Athens: — happy man.

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

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One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Timon. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ventidius' Servant. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

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His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me. —
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Athenian. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!
[LUCILIUS *comes forward.*

Lucilius. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,

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On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, — o' th' youngest for a bride, —
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endów'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

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Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

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Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apemantus. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y' are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

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Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. — Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

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Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Servant. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. — [*Exeunt some* Attendants.
You must needs dine with them. — Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; [and] when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there. —
Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcibiades. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

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2 *Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in TIMON's House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending: then, enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, *and other* Senators, *with* VENTIDIUS, *which* TIMON *redeemed from prison, and* Attendants: *then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ventidius. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They stand ceremoniously waiting for* TIMON *to sit.*

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

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1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou'rt a churl: you've got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame. —
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*
But yond' man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. — O you gods! what a number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't 'as been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

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Tim. My lord, — in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine ene-

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mies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

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Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump? — How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cupid. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

Music. Enter CUPID, *with a Masque of* Ladies *as* Amazons, *with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,

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With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friend's gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

[*The* Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, *and* Ladies.

Tim. Flavius!

Flavius. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in's humour;
Else I should tell him, — well, — i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

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'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Tim. O, my friends!
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts, —

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gen

tleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-
morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour
two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to fee
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:

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I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd, —

Tim. All to you. — Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, *&c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

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Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; — thou wilt not hear me now; — thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty — Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caphis. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

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Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him,
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hands.*

Flav. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care

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Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What!
You come for money?
Varro's Servant. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is. — And yours too, Isidore?
Isidore's Servant. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. — With me! what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord, —
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend

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Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord, —
Isid. Serv. From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment, —
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants, —
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past, —
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath. —
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.
I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither: pray you, [*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.
Flav. Pray, draw near.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and a* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the Fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, Fool?

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Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself. — Come away.

[*To the* Fool.

Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. — Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good Fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, Captain! what do you in this wise company? — How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

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Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, — a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[*Exit* Page.

Apem. E'en so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, Fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, Fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

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Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes Lord Timon.

Enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have

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Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, — too late! — yet now's a time
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord! the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,

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The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! — Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Servants. My lord, my lord, —

Tim. I will dispatch you severally. — You, to Lord Lucius; — to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day: — you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flaminius. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. Go you, sir, [*to another* Serv.] to the Senators,
(Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me.

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Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable, —
But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity: —
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! —
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
Go to Ventidius, — [*to a* Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [*to* FLAVIUS.] be not sad,
Thou art true and honest: ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. — [*To* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

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Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: — that had, [*to* FLAV.] give it these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS's House.

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

SERVANT.

I HAVE told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucullus. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. — Fill me some wine. — [*Exit* Servant.] And how does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master.

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir.

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And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Enter the Servant *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. — Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the* Servant, *who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

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Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Lucius. Who? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stranger.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

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Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deni'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deni'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servilius. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. — My honour'd lord, — [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

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Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! — Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast, I say. — I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: — and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. —
[*Exit* SERVILIUS.
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once deni'd will hardly speed.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

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And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sempronius. Must he needs trouble me in 't?
Humph! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

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They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all deni'd him.

Sem. How! have they deni'd him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shews but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over! must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't: I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords [I] be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The Devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot, ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled.
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead,

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Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter two Servants *of* VARRO *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *to* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Titus. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hortensius. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?
Lucius' Servant. Ay; and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS

Luc. Serv. And, Sir Philotus too!
Philotus. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

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Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shews,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by th' sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

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Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir, —

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

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Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS, *following.*

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, —

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Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. —
What yours? — and yours?
1 *Var. Serv.* My lord, —
2 *Var. Serv.* My lord, —
Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors? — devils!
Flav. My dear lord, —
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord, —
Tim. I'll have it so. — My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; Ventidius, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be 't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt*

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SCENE V.

The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate *sitting.*

1 *Senator.* My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

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To bring manslaughter into form, and set
Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which,
Indeed, is valour misbegot, and came
Into the world when sects and factions
Were newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord, —

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;

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But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

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Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deni'd such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts: — all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit*

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SCENE VI.

A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out; Servants *attending. Enter* LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, VENTIDIUS, *and other* Lords, *at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd. I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: — And how fare you?

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1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not Summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves Winter; such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' th' trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. — Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

1 *&* 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

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3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time will — and so —

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks. —

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. — The rest of your foes, O gods! — the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, — what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends, — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. —

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes, when uncovered, are found to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! — What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first — thou too, — and thou: —
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

The Guests return.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: — did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

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3 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.
4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' th' instant green virginity! —
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' th' brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire;
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,

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Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, *with two or three* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not

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One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*The* Servants *embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

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But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men
My dearest lord, — bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched, — thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

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It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! — Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! — What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

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Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. — [*March afar off.*] — Ha! a drum? — Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand. —
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with* Drum *and* Fife, *in warlike manner; and* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee, too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phrynia. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

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Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou do'st perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timandra. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee:
Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases;
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. —
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

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In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquered.

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

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But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse upon thee!

Phry. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And, to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burthens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,

No matter: — wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. and Timan. Well, more gold. — What then? Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. — There's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phry. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

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Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him. —
Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine,
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root, — dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrowy vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips ——

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

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Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume thy likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures, —
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature, — bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find —

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Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why do'st thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Do'st please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou did'st put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Do'st it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

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At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows; — I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone! —
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. —
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him food.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

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Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' night, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Do'st hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou 'dst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man did'st thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

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Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou

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shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee. —
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world, and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

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That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so;
But not till I am dead! — I'll say, thou 'st gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! — [*Exit* APEMANTUS.] I am quit. —
More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Bandit.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Band.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Band.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

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Tim. Now, thieves?
All. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' th' grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

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From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal [not] less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3 *Band.* Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt* Banditti.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desp'rate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. — My dearest master!

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TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What! do'st thou weep? — Come nearer: — then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man: —
Mistake me not, — but one; no more, I pray, —
And he's a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,

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And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, — that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so. — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd: — thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; shew charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,

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Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS. TIMON *retires to his cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Woods. Before TIMON'S Cave.

TIMON *sitting within the mouth of his cave. Enter* Poet *and* Painter.

PAINTER.

AS I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in

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this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' th' time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. [*In his cave.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's gold,

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That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st tho foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O, abhorred spirits! —
Not all the whips of Heaven are large enough —
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

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Tim. You're honest men. You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; you're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! — Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say. — And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art. —
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take such pains to mend.

Both. 'Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

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Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some curse, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two in company: —
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the* Painter.
Come not near him. — If thou would'st not reside
[*To the* Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon. —
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have [done] work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*

[SCENE II. — Malone.]

Enter FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is [in] vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike,
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,

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That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend Senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *approaches from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them: and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

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And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: — so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus, —
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then, let him know, — and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, — that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,

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There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,

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Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. — I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who, once a day with his embossed froth,
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. —
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[Scene III. — Malone.]

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

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Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: — this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect. —
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

[Scene IV. — Malone.]

The Sea-shore, on which a rude Tomb is seen. TIMON'S Cave in the distance.

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Soldier. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

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Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave. — What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

[Scene V. — Malone.]

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls, attended.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease:
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,

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To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transform'd Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to't with thy sword.

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1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and, — to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, — not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The* Senators *descend, and the* Attendants *open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] "*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:*
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

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Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. —
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 208. "—— as a *gum*, which *oozes*": — The folio misprints, "as a *Gowne* which *vses*." Pope corrected the first error; Johnson, the second.

p. 209. "—— happy *man*": — The folio, "happy *men*." But the reference is plainly to *Timon*, not to the Senators, as Theobald saw.

" "In a *wide sea of wax*": — It has been already remarked in these Notes that the ancients wrote with a style upon a wax tablet, and that perhaps the custom was known in Shakespeare's day. Still I think it possible that there is corruption here. The metaphor is not worthy of Shakespeare.

"Leaving no *tract* behind": — i. e., no track. The words, radically the same, were used interchangeably.

p. 210. "Even on their knees and *hands*, let him *slip* down": — The folio has, "*hand*" and "*sit*." The second folio gave, 'hands,' and Rowe, 'slip.'

" "*Trumpets sound. Enter Timon*," &c.: — The stage direction of the folio is, "*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon addressing himselfe courteously to every Sutor*."

p. 211. "—— *which failing*": — Capell read, well, for the sake of rhythm, "which failing *him*."

" "—— when he *most needs* me": — With but little hesitation I read with the folio of 1664. The first folio has, "when he *must need* me."

p. 212. "*Therefore he will be, Timon*": — This line is manifestly mutilated. But Warburton and Malone explained it, Therefore he will be honest — in this matter, understood!

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p. 212. "This *gentleman* of mine": — As to this gentleman who held a trencher, see the Note on "I beheld the maid," *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 252.

p. 215. "—— which will not *cost* a man a doit": — It is hardly worth while to notice the misprint of the folio, "*cast* a man," &c.

" "That I had *no angry wit* to be a lord": — To those who can make nothing of this passage, — and the less for Johnson's explanation, "I should hate myself for patiently enduring to be a lord" — I suggest (referring to the hot temper in which *Apemantus* uttered his wish) that we might read, "That I had *an* angry *fit* to be a lord."

p. 216. "*Aches* contract," &c.: — Here 'aches' is a dissyllable. See the Note on "For the letter that begins them all, H," *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 4, p. 332. This speech is printed as prose in the folio, but is manifestly verse.

" "Ere we *depart*": — i. e., Ere we part. See the Note on "Hath willingly departed," &c., *King John*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 116.

" "The *most* accursed thou": — Hanmer plausibly read, "The *more* accursed," &c.

p. 217. "*Should'st* have kept one," &c.: — i. e., Thou should'st, &c.; the pronoun elided, according to the custom of Shakespeare's day.

SCENE II.

p. 218. "*Hautboys playing*," &c.: — This direction is as nearly as possible that of the folio.

" "Honest *Ventidius*": — Here and elsewhere *Ventidius* is called *Ventigious* or *Ventidgius* in the old copies; remembering which, we should be lenient when we hear some brother of Shakespeare's craft hiss out, 'Perfidjus woman!'

p. 219. "Ho, ho, *confess'd it? hang'd it*," &c.: — Apparently an allusion to the saying, Confess and be hanged.

" "But yond' man is *ever* angry": — The folio, "*verie* angrie." Rowe made the necessary change.

" "*I scorn thy meat*": — In the folio, as in this edition, three lines of verse are given in this speech, the rest of which is prose. It is probable, as Mr. Collier has observed, that in this instance, and in many others in this play, the entire passage was written in verse, which, in the course of transcription and printing, entirely lost its

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metrical character. Yet speeches partly verse and partly prose are not uncommon in our old dramatists.

p. 219. "—— invite them *without knives*": — Even as late as Shakespeare's time each person carried the knife which he used at table.

p. 220. "Much good *dich* thy good heart": — This has been hitherto accepted as a corruption of 'Much good *do it*,' &c.; as to which interpretation I am doubtful. The word has not been discovered in any other place, and it is not among the provincialisms of either Old or New England.

p. 221. "O *joy* e'en made away," &c.: — The folio has, "O *joyes* ene," &c., which Rowe corrected.

p. 222. "—— *The ear*,
Taste, touch, *smell*, pleas'd from thy table rise": — In the folio, for these words, we have but one line, "*There* taste, touch, *all* pleased," &c. Warburton made the ingenious change, with the comment, "i. e., the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz., the hearing, taste, touch, and smell, are all feasted at thy board, and these ladies come with me to entertain your sight in a masque." But, clever as this is, I am far from being sure that the folio does not give us the text as it was originally written, and that we should not read, —

There taste, touch, all, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

If it be asked to what 'there' refers, there may be the counter questions, What is the antecedent of 'his' in the second line of the speech? What are the "five *best* senses"? What is the antecedent of 'they' in the sixth line? The answers to these questions will show that the speech is one in which strict grammatical coherence is not to be sought at the expense of much conjectural labor.

" "*Hey* day!" — Here, again, we have the form, "*hoy* day," which is so common that perhaps it should be retained.

p. 223. "1 *Lady*. *My lord*": — The folio assigns this speech to "1 *Lord*," doubtless, as Johnson suggested, on account of the use of *L.* for both 'Lord' and 'Lady' in the manuscript.

p. 224. "As to *advance* this jewel": — i. e., prefer, honor this jewel.

p. 227. "*So; — thou wilt not hear me now*": — This speech, like many others in this play, must needs be given in the

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irregular form in which it appears in the folio. As to the last two lines, Mr. Dyce justly remarks that "frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make the first line shorter (sometimes much shorter) than the second."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 227. "Can *found* his state," &c.: — The folio has, "Can *sound*," &c., (with the long *ſ*.) The error is the most trifling possible: the obvious and imperative correction was made by Dr. Johnson.

p. 228. "*Which* flashes now a phœnix": — 'Which' refers to Timon; according to the common practice of Shakespeare's day.

" "*Take the bonds*," &c.: — Before these words the folio repeats those of the previous speech, which have been retained till the present day in the form, "Ay, go, sir." But I have no hesitation in following Mr. Dyce's example, and omitting them as an accidental repetition.

Scene II.

" "—— nor *resumes* no care": — This reading is awkward, to say the least. The folio has, "nor *resume*," &c.; Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, plausibly, "*no reserve*, no care." Might we not read, "nor *assumes* no care"? In the next sentence I am sure that there is corruption, but do not venture to attempt a restoration, or even to conjecture in what words the error lies. Yet, advancing to the next period, what conclusions can be drawn concerning a text in which we must needs accept "He will not hear till feel" as a genuine reading? — as I think we must.

p. 229. "*Good even, Varro*": — i. e., Good afternoon. Evening began with our ancestors directly after 12 M. — The servants, it will be noticed, are addressed by their masters' names, after the fashion of Mr. Lovel's Servant's Hall. In the folio their speeches have the prefixes *Var.* and *Isid.*

p. 230. "With clamorous demands of *date-broke* bonds": — The folio, "With clamorous demands of *debt, broken* Bonds," which, as "long-since-due debts" are mentioned

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in the next line, and the verse is overloaded in this, we may be sure is corrupt. Malone read, "date-*broken* bonds;" Steevens, "date-broke." Hanmer had previously relieved the line by reading, "demands *of broken* bonds," which is not improbably the true text, as 'debt' might have been caught from the next line.

p. 231. "Would we could see you *at Corinth!*" — i. e., at the house of his mistress, who kept a hot-house like her of *Measure for Measure*. See the Note on "a Corinthian," 1 *King Henry the Fourth*, Act II. Sc. 4, p. 397.

" "—— my *mistress'* page": — The folio, "my *Masters* Page," and, in the *Fool's* third speech below, "my *Masters* house," in consequence, doubtless, of the use of the initial letter common to both words.

p. 233. "At many leisures I *propos'd*": — The folio, "I *propose*."

p. 235. "Within there! — *Flaminius!*" — The folio misprints, "*Flavius*."

p. 236. "—— *ingeniously* I speak": — i. e., *ingenuously*. The words were used interchangeably.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 237. "—— you are very *respectively* welcome, sir": — i. e., with respect, respectfully.

p. 238. "—— and *honesty* is his": — Here 'honesty' is used in the ancient sense — generosity, honor. — In the next Scene *Lucullus* laments the pretended expenditure which prevents him from showing himself "honourable."

p. 239. "—— This slave, unto his *honour*, has my lord's meat in him": — There has long been trouble about this passage. Pope read, speciously, "This slave unto *this hour*," &c.; Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "This slave unto his *humour;*" and Mr. Dyce suggests, "This *slander* unto his honour," &c. But I think that the old text needs no change, and that it is merely an inversion of, Unto his honour this slave has my lord's meat in him, i. e., *Lucullus* was honored by sitting at *Timon's* table.

Scene II.

p. 240. "—— had he *mistook* him" — i. e., had he mistaken himself, deceived himself.

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p. 240. "*Has* only sent," &c. : — i. e., *He* has only sent, &c.; the pronoun being elided, according to a custom elsewhere noticed in the work.

" "He cannot want *fifty-five hundred talents*" : — I cannot but think that we owe this reading to accident of some kind. It will be observed that *Servilius* names no specific sum, but uses the general term 'so many,' which not improbably is a remnant of the first sketch of the play, 'so many' having been written in place of the specific and proper number. Fifty-five hundred talents is such a colossal sum (over six millions of dollars) that *Lucullus*' namesake might easily have "wanted" it. I suspect that in 'fifty-five' are united a word carelessly used — 'fifty,' and that which was meant to be substituted for it, 'five.'

p. 241. "—— were not *virtuous*" : — i. e., strong, pressing. Virtue is strength.

" "—— that I should purchase the day before *for a little part*," &c. : — Here is obscurity, to clear which nothing so effectual has been proposed as Jackson's suggestion that there is an accidental transposition to be corrected, thus : — "that I should purchase the day before, *and* for a little part undo a great deal of honour."

" "Is every flatterer's *spirit*" : — The original, "flatterer's *sport*." Theobald made the correction. The error may have arisen from the spelling *sprite;* and in any case the word has the quantity of a monosyllable. Mr. Collier's folio has, "flatterer's *port*."

p. 242. "*I would have put my wealth into donation*" : — i. e., although I owe none of my wealth to *Timon*, yet, if in his need he had applied to me, I should have been willing to regard it as a gift from him, and to return him half of it. — This appears to be the meaning of the passage, although 'put my wealth into donation' seems better adapted to express a giving of the wealth.

Scene III.

p. 243. "*How! have they deni'd him?*" — This speech is given with the verse-like arrangement of lines with which it is printed in the folio; but, if it were ever constructed in verse, only the irreparable wreck remains.

" "—— [*I*] be thought a fool" : — The necessary pronoun is from the second folio.

"—— *the villainies of man will set him clear*" : — i. e., man will monopolize all the wickedness.

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p. 243. "Save *the gods only*": — The folio, "Save *only the gods*." But, as this part of the speech is strictly metrical, I have no hesitation in adopting Hanmer's transposition.

SCENE IV.

p. 247. "*Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord*": — The folio assigns these words to "1 *Var*." But both *Varro's* servants speak immediately afterwards; and Malone was doubtless right in changing the prefix.

p. 248. "—— *Ventidius*, all": — The folio has, "*Vllorxa* all," which senseless aggregation of letters has hitherto been either entirely excluded from the text, or without change made a part of it. But, as "all" of *Timon's* parasites were to be invited, *Ventidius*, the most obliged and most ungrateful of them, would hardly have been omitted; and his was just the name to come last, with a pause equivalent to 'even' before it, and after it the intensifying 'all.' As *Ventidius* has a common initial letter with the word in the text, is it not probable that the blunder is due to a compositor's attempt to decipher a very obscure writing of it? It seems better than Ullorxa or nothing; and as to the extravagance of the supposed typographical error, for "Phrynia and Timandra" (Act V. Sc. 1, p. 279) we have in the folio, "*Phrinica* and *Timandylo*." [Since the foregoing Note was put in type Mr. Keightley has ingeniously suggested that for "Ullorxa all" we should read, "*All o' them, all*."]

SCENE V.

p. 249. "—— the law shall *bruise him*": — The folio, "bruise *'em*."

" "He did *behave* his anger": — Rowe corrected the misprint of the folio, "He did *behooue*," &c.

"—— the *felon*,

p. 250. Loaden with irons": — With some misgivings I admit Johnson's very specious reading. The folio has, "the *fellow*," &c.

" "—— *by mercy*, 'tis most just": — i. e., grammercy, grant mercy, (or perhaps *grand merci*,) by your leave, it is, &c.

p. 251. "*I* say, my lords": — The folio, "*Why* say my lords," which is nonsensical, if not nonsense. The second folio has, "Why *I* say," &c. But, in my judgment, 'why' of the first folio is manifestly a misprint by ear for '*I*.'

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p. 251. "—— too much plenty with *'em*": — The folio, "with *him*" — a counterpart to the error noticed in the first Note above.

" "'Tis *inferr'd* to us": — i. e., brought in, 'borne in,' to us — the radical sense of the word. So in 3 *King Henry the Sixth*, Act II. Sc. 2: "Inferring arguments of mighty force."

p. 252. "—— and *lay* for hearts": — i. e., waylay, lie in wait.

SCENE VI.

p. 253. "*Enter Lucius, Lucullus*," &c.: — The old editions and all others hitherto, "*Enter divers Lords*," &c. But see Sc. 4 of this Act, "Go, bid all my friends, again, Lucius, Lucullus, Ventidius," &c., and the Note upon the passage.

" "Upon that were my thoughts *tiring*:" — i. e., eagerly and earnestly engaged; — a metaphorical application of the language of falconry, in which a hawk was said to tire upon the refuse of her prey, which the falconer threw to her as reward and encouragement. "An hawke Tyryth, Fedyth, Goorgyth, &c. . . . She Tyryth upon rumpes. She fedyth on all manere of flesshe. She gorgith whan she fyllyth her gorge wyth meete." *The boke of hawkynge, huntyng, and fysshynge*, (Juliana Berners,) ciij.

" "—— but he hath *conjur'd* me": — 'Conjure' is here used in the sense of earnestly entreat, which it still commonly has. So "I do defy thy conjurations," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. Sc. 3, and "an earnest conjuration from the King," *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. 2.

p. 254. "—— if they will fare so harshly *o' th' trumpet's sound*": — This is equivalent to, Since, when the trumpets sound, you will hear the summons to so poor a dinner. In Shakespeare's time the serving of dinner in great households was announced by the sounding of trumpets. See *Othello*, Act IV. Sc. 2, "Hark, how these instruments summon to supper." — Possibly we should read, "if they will fare so harshly. *O, the trumpets sound*: we shall too 't presently": — *Timon* apologizing for the delay of his entertainment, as well as its poor quality. But the contraction of the folio, "*o' th'*," is against this reading.

p. 255. "—— The rest of your *foes*, O gods!" — The folio has, "the rest of your *fees*," &c., of which the only explanation offered is Capell's, "the rest of those who are forfeit to your vengeance, O gods." But I have no

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hesitation in adopting Warburton's reading, which rests upon the slightest possible misprint. — In the same sentence Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 plausibly reads, "the common *tag* of people."

p. 256. "—— spangled *with your* flatteries": — The folio, "spangled *you with* flatteries." The almost obvious correction was made by Hanmer.

" "Of man and beast the *infinite* malady
Crust you quite o'er!" — I suspect that there is corruption here. Why should the *infinite* malady *crust?* Did not Shakespeare write "the *infectious* malady"? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 4: —

"—— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred
Farther than seen, and one *infect* another
Against the wind a mile!"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 257. "And *let* confusion live!" — The folio, "And *yet*," &c. The correction made by Hanmer, and found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, is absolutely required.

p. 258. "—— with multiplying *bans!*" — i. e., curses.

Scene II.

p. 259. "*As we do turn our backs*," &c.: — Mason very speciously suggested that we should transpose 'from' and 'to' in this sentence, and read, —

"As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
Slink all away."

And undoubtedly, when we leave the graves of our friends, we turn our backs *to* or on them, and *Timon's* parasites did slink away *from* his fallen fortunes. But this sentence is written in a freer style than perhaps would be permissible now-a-days. Here 'turn our backs' is used as the equivalent of 'go away'; and the conduct of *Timon's* familiars is spoken of in *its relation to* his buried fortunes.

" "Who *would* be so mock'd with glory? or *to* live": —

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I have little doubt that the second word of this line should be contracted, "Who *'ld* be so mocked," &c. At one time I thought that we should read, "or *so* live." But, upon maturer consideration, I believe the old text to be genuine, though not very correct, the construction being, Who would to live, but in a dream, &c. — In the next line but one, "all what state compounds" means, of course, "all that goes to make up state;" and perhaps we should read, "and all *that*," &c.

p. 260. "—— does still *mar* men": — It is hardly worth while to notice the misprint, "*do* still mar men," of the folio.

SCENE III.

" "—— *and deny 't that lord*": — i. e., deny similar elevation to that lord.

p. 261. "—— the *rother's* sides": — Neat cattle were called rother beasts. The folio has, "*brother's* sides." The very ingenious and entirely satisfactory correction was made by Mr. Singer, and afterwards was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. — It is worthy of remark that the folio spells 'pasture' *pastour*.

" "—— for every *grise* of fortune:" — i. e., for every step of fortune. The word was doubtless first used in this sense in reference to the stone steps of terraces or ha-has made of large slabs of stone. Cotgrave has, "*Grez:* a greetie, browne-gray, shining, hard and long-lasting freestone, good to pave with." This word occurs also in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. 1, and in *Othello*, Act I. Sc. 3.

" "Pluck *stout men's pillows*," &c.: — i. e., hasten their departure from this world. The allusion is to a custom in former ages of plucking away the pillow from the head of a dying person, under the doubly mistaken notion that the last moments are moments of great suffering, and that the removal of the pillow shortened them.

" "—— the *wappen'd* widow": — The meaning of this word, which is of very rare occurrence, is not settled. It probably means worn-out, used-up.

p. 263. "*Leaving with thee their lust*": — There is confusion here in the old texts; this passage being printed, as prose, thus: "Be a whore still, they loue thee not that use thee, *giue them diseases, leauing with thee their lust.* Make use," &c. The poetical form of the passage has been heretofore restored to it; but the transposition of the italicized clauses — manifest when pointed out — has been hitherto retained.

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p. 265. "—— *thy* throat shall cut": — The folio has, "*the* throat," &c.

" "*And, to make whores, a bawd*": — A difficult and perhaps corrupted passage, although, as it is punctuated in the text, it may, perhaps, be accepted as meaning that *Timon* had money enough to make a whore forswear her trade, and a bawd forswear hers — to make whores. This is Johnson's explanation. — Mr. Collier's folio has the very foolish reading, "And to make whores *abhorred*." But how should money, to whomsoever promised or given, make whores abhorred?

p. 267. "—— below *crisp* heaven": — For the epithet so singularly applied to heaven, Warburton would have substituted crypt = vaulted, heaven. Upton explained the original word as meaning curled, bent, hollow.

" "Dry up thy *marrowy* vines": — The folio has, "thy *Marrowes* vines." But I cannot doubt that, as Mr. Dyce has suggested, 'Marrowes' is there a misprint for '*Marrowie*.' Cotgrave defines *Moelleux* as "*marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap*." The context entirely supports this emendation: the "marrowy vines" supply "liquorish draughts," as the "plough-torn leas" produce the "morsels unctuous."

p. 268. "—— a nature but *infected*": — Rowe, plausibly but needlessly, read, "a nature but *affected*."

" "From change of *fortune*": — The folio, "of *future*," which Rowe corrected.

" "—— that *bid* welcome": — The folio has the trifling misprint, "that *bad* welcome," which was corrected in the second folio.

" "Will these *moss'd* trees": — The folio, "*moyst* Trees;" but can there be a moment's doubt that Hanmer restored the epithet which the writer applied to the trees that had outlived the eagle?

" "And skip *where* thou point'st out": — The folio, "And skip *when*," &c., with what seems to be a misprint as easily to be discovered as made.

p. 269. "—— the passive *drugs* of it": — i. e., the passive drudges of it. Of old, 'drudge' was spelled either *drudge*, *drugge*, or *drug*; and, although it is probable that in all cases it was pronounced *drudg*, I believe that Shakespeare here used the plural as a monosyllable, with the *g* hard, for the sake of rhythm, and therefore do not adopt Mason's suggestion to read, "the passive *drudges* of it."

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p. 269. "Who had the world as my *confectionary*": — i. e., as my store of confections, of sweets. See the Note on "in the pastry," *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. Sc. 4.

p. 270. "First mend *my* company": — The folio, "*thy* company," which Rowe corrected.

p. 272. "—— all thy safety were *remotion*": — This uncommon word occurs again in *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. 4. "That this remotion of the Duke and her." Steevens apprehends it in the sense of movement from place to place, Malone in that of remoteness. In *King Lear* it plainly means reaction. But it may possibly be that in this passage it is the chance result of the repetition of the last letters of the preceding word — an accident not uncommon in the printing office.

p. 273. "*I'll* beat thee, but I *should* infect," &c.: — In Shakespeare's day and after, the correspondence of 'will' and 'shall,' 'would' and 'should,' in sentences of this kind, was not at all carefully observed. But perhaps there is a misprint of '*I'ld* beat," &c.

p. 274. "—— thou *touch* of hearts": — i. e., touchstone.

" "More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor *them*": — The folio gives this line, with manifest error, which was left for Johnson's correction, to *Apemantus*. It also has, "abhorre *then*."

" "—— some slender *ort* of his remainder": — i. e., some little scrap.

p. 275. "—— Yet *thanks* I must you *con*": — The phrase 'con thanks,' I am now sure, meant, to acknowledge thanks; and Steevens' explanation (See *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. 3) is not "*far* from satisfactory."

" "Do *villainy*, do, since you *protest* to do 't": — The folio has, "Do *Villaine*," &c. "Protest" is used in the sense of profess.

p. 276. "*Have* uncheck'd theft": — The folio, "*Ha's* uncheckd," &c.

" "—— Steal [*not*] less": — The necessary negative particle was first supplied by Rowe.

" "*Has* almost charm'd me," &c.: — i. e., *He* has almost, &c.; and so below, in *Flavius*' speech, "Has caught me" for *He* has caught me. This omission of the pronoun is noticed elsewhere in these Notes.

p. 277. "Then, if thou *grant'st*," &c.: — The folio, "thou *grunt'st*" — a misprint hardly worth notice.

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p. 277. "—— my dangerous nature *wild*" :— Warburton read, "my dangerous nature *mild*" — a needless change, of the obvious sort, which also was found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 279. "*Enter Poet and Painter*" :— The *Poet* and *Painter* were in sight of *Apemantus* in the last Scene of the last Act, ["yonder comes a poet, and a painter," p. 272;] and the confusion consequent upon commencing an Act here was noticed by Johnson. But it seems quite impossible to better the present division. *Flavius* received gold, and went away from *Timon's* cave, in the last part of the last Scene of Act IV.; and in his second speech the *Painter* says, "'Tis said [in Athens, of course] he gave unto his steward a mighty sum." Time must therefore be allowed between the departure of *Flavius* and the appearance of the *Poet* and *Painter;* else we might begin the Fifth Act with the next Scene. The construction of this play is very clumsy throughout.

This Scene is printed in long and short lines, thus, in the folio : —

"*Pain.* As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.
Poet. What's to be thought of him ?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold ?
Pain. Certaine
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrinicia* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiours with great quantity
'Tis said he gave unto his Steward
A mighty summe."

But this is clearly only rhythmical prose, which the printer tried to spin out for the sake of what in the printing office is known as 'fat,' i. e., blank space, for the filling of which with lead the compositor is paid at the same rate as for the words that he puts in type.

p. 281. "To thee be *worship!*" — The folio, "*worshipt*," which Rowe corrected.

p. 283. "—— drown them in a *draught*" :— "And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught-house unto this day." 2 *Kings* x. 27.

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p. 283. "You have [*done*] work for me": — The necessary word 'done' was supplied by Malone.

" "*Enter Flavius, and two Senators*": — Here Malone commenced Scene II. But manifestly there is no change of scene supposed; for *Timon* has just retired to his cave, and *Flavius*, after exchanging a few words with his companions, says, "Here is his cave," and *Timon* enters.

" "It is [*in*] vain," &c.: — So the third folio: the first omits 'in.'

" "It is our *part* and promise to the Athenians": — Mr. Sidney Walker very plausibly proposes to read, "It is our *pact*," &c.

p. 284. "And *chance* it as it may": — The folio, "And *chanc'd*," &c., which the second folio corrected.

" "Of it own *fail*": — The folio, "Of it owne *fall*." But the sense is, that the Senate was remorsefully conscious of its failure in sending aid to *Timon*; and the change which Capell made is necessary. As to "*it* own," see the Note on "it's folly," &c., *The Winter's Tale*, Act I. Sc. 2, p. 385.

p. 287. "—— let him *take his haste*": — The reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "take his *halter*," has found great favor with many persons, who, in objecting to the phraseology of the text, must surely have forgotten that, in the last Scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Oberon* says, —

"With this field dew consecrate
Every fairy *take his gait*," —

and in the story of Joseph, we are told that "Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beersheba." *Genesis* xlvi. 1. And see the verb used absolutely in the following passage: "The next morning after they drunk, you must understand they took their journey; Gargantua, his pedagogue," &c. *Rabelais*, Book I. Chap. 16.

" "*Who*, once a day," &c.: — Here 'who,' used for 'which,' according to the custom of Shakespeare's day, refers to the "everlasting mansion."

Scene II.

p. 288. "*Whom* though in general part," &c.: — Mr. Dyce says 'Whom' is but "the old ungrammatical use of the relative," and rightly. But the whole speech is very loosely written. Even if we should read, 'Who,' there is no verb to which it could stand nominative.

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Scene III.

p. 289. "*Some beast rear'd this*": — The folio has, "*reade* this." The correction, which was made by Warburton, seems absolutely necessary. No man in his senses, however ignorant or however misanthropic, (yet see Staunton's Shakespeare,) would think of calling upon a beast to read an inscription; but in his surprise at finding a rude tumulus upon a desolate sea shore, and before he saw that there was an inscription upon it, he might exclaim, 'Some beast must have reared this!'

Scene IV.

p. 290. "Shame, that they wanted *cunning*": — i. e., intelligence.

" "On those that are, *revenges*": — Steevens added an *s* to the 'revenge' of the folio. The phraseology of the preceding speech and the rhythm of this line justify the addition.

p. 291. "*Descend*, and open": — The folio misprints, "*Defend*," &c.

" "But shall be *rendered* to your public laws": — The folio has, "*remedied* to your public laws;" and, in spite of "at heaviest answer," it was left for Mason to point out the correct reading.

"*Here lies a wretched corse*," &c.: — Here two epitaphs appear as one. They are both given in North's Plutarch thus in the Life of Marc Antony: —

"Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft.
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported that Timon him selfe, when he lived, made this epitaphe; for that which is commonly rehearsed is not his, but made by the poet Callimachus: —

Heere lye I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate.
Passe by, and curse thy fill; but passe, and stay not here thy gate." Ed. 1579, p. 1003.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Julius Cæsar occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 109 to 130 inclusive, in the division of Tragedies. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes. A list of the Dramatis Personæ was first supplied by Rowe.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE himself has left us evidence that he knew of at least one tragedy based upon the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar earlier than his own. For in *Hamlet* (Act III. Sc. 2) *Polonius* says that he "did enact *Julius Cæsar*," and was "killed in the Capitol" by Brutus. And as he also says that he did this "in the University," and Steevens cites a passage in an Appendix to Peck's Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, which shows that a Latin tragedy upon this subject was written by Richard Eedes, and played at Oxford in 1582, we know almost with absolute certainty the play that Shakespeare had in mind. The allusions to the story of Julius Cæsar in our early literature are very numerous, and early English plays were doubtless written upon it; but it appears that Shakespeare was indebted for his materials only to the lives of Cæsar, Brutus, Antony, and Cicero in North's Plutarch. Selecting the events to be dramatized with admirable judgment, and arranging them with consummate skill, he followed his authority even to the detail of the little Scene in which Cinna the poet is slain for his name and his bad verses, and often adopted its very language.

As to the time when *Julius Cæsar* was written, we are without any other evidence than that of its style, which ranges it with *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Cymbeline*.* It was probably brought out between 1605 and 1608. — It was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with remarkable accuracy. — The period of its action is from the feast of Lupercal, B. C. 45, to the battle of Philippi, B. C: 42.

* See the last Note upon this play.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of* Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet.* *Another* Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
YOUNG CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *Servants to* Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

CALPURNIA, *Wife to* Cæsar.

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play, at* Rome: *afterwards at* Sardis, *and near* Philippi.

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THE TRAGEDY OF

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

FLAVIUS.

HENCE! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

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Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why do'st thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,

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To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremony.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter: let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæsar. Calpurnia, —
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia, —
Calpurnia. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.
Antony. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Soothsayer. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still. — Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

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Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: — pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

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Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other thing.
Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

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Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then, must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber

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Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark,
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar'.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

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Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad,
That my weak words have struck but thus much shew
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

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Enter CÆSAR *and his* Train.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some Senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

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Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his* Train. CASCA *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd today,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again;

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but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chapp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: — he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" — and forgave him with all their hearts. But

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there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again: but those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is.
For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

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Cas. I will do so: — till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;

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But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in Heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons, — they are natural;'
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

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Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Cas. Casca, by your voice.
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cas. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fool, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,

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To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:

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So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

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Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party —
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

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Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day.
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. BRUTUS's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

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That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Giving him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.*

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! —
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!" —
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" — Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

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Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O, conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

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Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon' grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,

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Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metellus. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. — I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,

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As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar ——

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, — take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

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Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus. —

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And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther; then, you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,

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Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you, nor talk, nor sleep; —
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbrac'd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;

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To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk t' you sometimes? Dwell I but i' th' suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife.
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.
Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

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Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in CÆSAR's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor Heaven, nor Earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murther Cæsar!" — Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord.
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

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The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

The Servant *returns.*

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

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Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-House,
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the Senate-House.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afear'd to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the Senate;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

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And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance:
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now. The Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
'Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
'Lo! Cæsar is afraid?'
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go: —

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CAS TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius. —

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What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —
Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean. —
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See, Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. — Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for. —
Now, Cinna: — Now, Metellus: — What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: — [*Aside.*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE III.

The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Artemidorus. "*Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*
ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-House:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

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Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

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Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus!
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint. —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People *in the street leading to the Capitol; among them* ARTEMIDORUS, *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and* Others.

CÆSAR.

THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius on Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the* Senators *take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

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Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cas. Are we all ready?
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his Senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou do'st bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

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But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar! —

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar, —

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?* — Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The* Senators *and* People *retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

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Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —
Bru. Talk not of standing. — Publius, good cheer:
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: — and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures. —
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

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That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[*Exit* Servant.

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Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

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Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus; —
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble, in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here did'st thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.

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O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony!

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,

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And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

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And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havock!' and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the Earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, ——
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead,

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to live all freemen? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and* Others, *with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall [now] be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

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Bru. My countrymen, —
2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, —
Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

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(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, — not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

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1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a bolder man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the Commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

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'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?
4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.
4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2 *Cit.* They were villains, murtherers. The will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down.*
3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.
4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.
1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
2 *Cit.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

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Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge! about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

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They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not: — I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true; — the will: — let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

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To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: — you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in ANTONY's House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

ANTONY.

THESE many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

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Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on, —
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth; —
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,

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But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers: TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pindarus. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

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Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
[*March heard in the distance, advancing.*
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd. —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

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Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them ——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

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Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

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Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

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For certain sums of gold, which you deni'd me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deni'd me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deni'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

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My spirit from mine eyes. — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:
I, that deni'd thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou did'st at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou lov'd'st him better
Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the Generals.

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There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away! be gone.

[*Exit* Poet.

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. — Portia is dead.

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Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so? —
O, insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came. — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And di'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala. —
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you. —
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

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Messala. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators that di'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. — What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

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Cas. This it is.
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside,
That we have tri'd the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,

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Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala: —
Good night, Titinius. — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O, my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Titinius. } Good night, Lord Brutus.
Mes. }
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CAS., TIT., *and* MES.
Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

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Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants *lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. — O murth'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. —
Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?

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I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —
[*Ghost vanishes.*
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou did'st. Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou: awake!

Var. My lord.

Claudius. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. / *Clau.* } Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. } *Clau.* } It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew:

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Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and* Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again? —
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourably.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony; away! —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their* Army.

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark?
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

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Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord.
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *talk apart.*
Cas. Messala, —
Mes. What says my General?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this

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The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, — arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take: —
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end;
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarm.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

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Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —
[PINDARUS *ascends.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; —
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! — Now some 'light: — O, he 'lights too: —
He's taken: [*shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy.
Cas. Come down; behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,

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That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. — O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou do'st sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

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Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why did'st thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —

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The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —
And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on: —
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, *and* Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field. —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* Young CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?

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Why, now thou di'st as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1 *Soldier.* Yield, or thou di'st.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much [*offering money.*] that thou wilt kill me straight.
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 *Sold.* We must not. — A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news: — Here comes the General. —

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt*

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SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clitus. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.
The Ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

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Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; — and you; — and you, Volumnius. —
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* Fly, fly, fly!
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!
Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

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Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their* Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

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Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably. —
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

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NOTES ON JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 313. "*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a rabble of Citizens*":—The folio has, "Enter Flavius, *Murellus*, and *certaine Commoners over the* Stage." The spelling *Murellus*, which is continued through the play, is manifestly the result of carelessness; and Theobald very properly conformed it to the orthography of North's Plutarch. "Certain Commoners" does not express, now-a-days at least, the character of the crowd that accompanies the Tribunes.

" "1 *Cit.*":—In the folio the speeches of the First and Second Citizens have the prefixes, respectively, *Car*[*penter*] and *Cob*[*bler*].

p. 314. "*Mar. What trade, thou knave?*" &c.:—In the folio this speech is attributed to *Flavius;* but the next speech but one clearly shows that it belongs to *Marullus*, to whom Capell assigned it. The impatient iteration of *Flavius* will seem somewhat unjustifiable to those who do not know that of old a 'cobbler' was not necessarily a shoemaker, but a clumsy or half-taught artificer of any craft.

" "—— but *withal* I am, indeed, sir," &c.:—The cobbler's pun is patent. Modern editions have hitherto most contradictorily and absurdly read, "I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but *with all* [or "with *awl*," which is the same thing]. I am indeed, sir," &c. What the cobbler means to say is, that, although he meddles not with tradesmen's matters or women's matters, he is withal (making at the same time his little pun) a surgeon to old shoes. This use of 'withal' was common in Shakespeare's day; as, for instance, Gideon's

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trumpets, which he put into the right hands of the little band that he led against the Midianites, were "to blow withal."

p. 315. "See, *whe'r* their basest metal": — The folio, "See where," &c. — a contraction of 'whether' elsewhere noticed in this work.

" "—— deck'd with *ceremony*": — i. e., it can hardly be necessary to remark, ceremoniously or pompously decorated. The folio has, "with ceremonies," which has been hitherto retained, with the explanation that 'ceremonies' means here religious ornaments or decorations. But such a use of the word is illogical and unprecedented. The word in the folio is merely 'ceremonie' with the superfluous *s* so constantly added in books of its period.

Scene II.

p. 316. "Enter . . . *Calpurnia*, Portia, *Decius*": — The folio has, "Calp*h*urnia," here and wherever the name occurs; yet the needful correction has not hitherto been made, although the name of Cæsar's wife was *Calpurnia*, and it is correctly spelled throughout North's Plutarch, and although no one has hesitated to change the strangely perverse "Varr*us*" and "Claudi*o*" of the folio to 'Varro' and 'Claudi*us*,' or its "An*th*ony" to 'An*t*ony' in this play and in *Antony and Cleopatra*. I am convinced that in both 'Anthony' and 'Calphurnia' *h* was silent to Shakespeare and his readers. — For "Decius" Shakespeare should have written *Decimus* [*Brutus*]; but this mistake is not in the spelling of a name, but the identity of a person, and is one into which the poet was led by his authority, North's Plutarch. Therefore it should not be corrected.

" "—— in *Antonius*' way": — The folio has, "Antoni*os* way," and in other instances of proper names ending in *us* it substitutes the Italian termination in *o*, which was more familiar to the actors and printers of the period. It is worthy of note that the triumvir's name is spelled without the *h* in this tragedy, whether as *Antonio*, *Antonius*, or *Antony*; while in the Egyptian tragedy it appears always with the silent aspirate.

p. 318. "—— *by some other thing*": — The folio, "by some other *things*," which is merely another instance of the superfluous terminal *s*. Perhaps we should read, with Pope, "*from* some other things."

" "Were I a common *laugher*": — The folio, "a common *laughter*," which Pope corrected.

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p. 318. "To *stale* with ordinary oaths," &c. : — i. e., to make common oaths a lure, as the sportsman uses his stale, or decoy.

p. 319. "—— with hearts of *controversy*" : — This use of 'controversy' is somewhat singular, yet its meaning of opposition, antagonism, can hardly be mistaken. — In the next line the use of 'arrive' without a preposition is in accordance with the idiom of Shakespeare's day.

p. 320. "Brutus will start a *spirit*" : — Here 'spirit' is doubtless meant to be pronounced as a monosyllable, and perhaps should be so printed.

p. 321. "That her wide *walls* encompass'd" : — The folio, "That her wide *Walkes*," &c., which may be strained to a sense, but yet a sense so inferior to that which is expressed by the more obvious word, that the reading given by Rowe may be adopted with little hesitation.

" "Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *room* enough" : — Evidence this that 'Rome' was pronounced *room*, or 'room' *rome*. See the Note on "that I have room with Rome," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 121.

" "Under *these* hard conditions, *as* this time," &c. : — We should now write, Under *such* hard conditions as, &c. We find the same use of 'as' just before in this Scene, — "I have not from your eyes *that* gentleness *as* I was wont to have," — and in the next Scene a like use of 'that,' — "and to such a man *that* is no fleering tell-tale."

p. 323. "—— tell us what *hath* chanc'd" : — The folio misprints, "*had* chanc'd."

p. 324. "—— the rabblement *shouted*" : — The folio has, "howted," which is generally changed to 'hooted,' but which Hanmer regarded as a misprint of 'showted,' and read accordingly. This reading has the support of *Casca's* previous speeches, and also of every other instance in which Shakespeare uses the verb 'to hoot,' in all of which it means insult, not applause; except, of course, where it expresses the note of the owl.

" "An I had been a man of any *occupation*" : — 'Occupation' is used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries to mean trade, art; but here does not a man of any occupation mean a man of action, a busy man?

p. 326. "Cæsar doth *bear me hard*" : — This phrase occurs again in Act II. Sc. 1, "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, who rated him," &c., and in Act III. Sc. 1, "I do beseech you, if you bear me hard," &c. It seems plainly

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equivalent to 'owes me a grudge;' for in all these cases it can hardly be a misprint for "bear me *hate*," to which otherwise it might plausibly be changed.

Scene III.

p. 326. "—— *Brought you* Cæsar home?" — This use of 'brought you' for 'did you accompany' is a relic of an earlier use of 'bring,' which was not at first limited to the expression of conveying hitherward.

p. 327. "(I *have not* since," &c.: — The folio reads, "I ha' not," &c.

"Who *glar'd* upon me": — The folio, "Who *glaz'd* upon me": — a misprint hardly worth notice, and which Southern corrected in his copy of the fourth folio.

p. 328. "—— and *case* yourself in wonder": — The folio, "and *cast* yourself," &c., which seems manifestly a misprint, although it has been hitherto retained. *Casca* puts on fear, and cases, or covers, himself with wonder. So in *Much Ado*, Act IV. Sc. 1, "I am so attir'd in wonder."

" "*Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind*," &c.: — i. e., Why are birds and beasts changed in their natures? as in the next line, "Why do old men become fools, and children prudent?" In the latter case the folio prints and punctuates, "Why old men, fools, and children calculate," but with manifest error. We have the superfluous *s* again.

p. 329. "Have *thewes* and limbs": — See the Note on "the thews, the stature," &c., 1 *King Henry the Fourth*, Act III. Sc. 2.

p. 330. "*In* favour 's like," &c.: — The folio misprints, "*Is* favour's," &c.

p. 331. "*O, Cassius! if you could*": — From the very defective rhythm of this passage, I suspect that it is corrupt.

" "—— three *parts* of him
Is ours already": — The disagreement in number so common in Shakespeare's time.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 333. "—— when his *affections* sway'd": — Not his love, but his susceptibility to external influences. See the Note on "And others when the bagpipe sings," *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

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p. 333. "—— the *ides* of March?" — The folio, "the *first* of March," which manifest error was corrected by Theobald.

p. 334. "Sir, March is wasted *fifteen* days": — So the folio, which was changed by Theobald (who has been generally followed) to "fourteen days," because *Lucius* is speaking at the dawn of the fifteenth day. But this is to be too exact. In common parlance *Lucius* is correct.

" "—— and the *state of man*": — The folio, "the state of *a* man." Rowe made the change.

" "Sir, 'tis *your brother Cassius*": — *Cassius* had married *Brutus*' sister.

p. 335. "For if thou *path*": — So the folio; according to which text 'path' must be regarded as meaning walk. In support of this use of 'path' Drayton only has been cited.

> "His ghostly counsels onely doe advise
> The meanes how Langleys Progenie may rise
> Pathing young Henries unadvised wayes."

But here 'pathing' is used not in the general sense of walking, but of treading a particular path. — Southern and Coleridge independently suggested, 'put.' The 4to. of 1691 has, "For if thou *hath*," &c. I am inclined to the opinion that 'path' is a misprint of 'hadst.'

p. 336. "—— *if not the face of men*," &c.: — This is one of those passages which Shakespeare commences upon one construction and finishes upon another, and yet produces no confusion of thought. See the Note on "Ye elves of hills," *The Tempest*, Act V. Sc. 1.

p. 339. "—— go along *by him*": — i. e., by his house.

p. 340. "—— the *honey-heavy* dew of slumber": — i. e., slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet. The exegesis is justified by the favor with which the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 — "the *heavy honey-dew* of slumber" has been received in some quarters. The folio, with a superfluity of hyphens not unfrequent in it, has, "the honey-heauy-Dew," &c.

"—— an angry *wafture*": — The folio, "*wafter*." See Notes on the "'Tis not the roundure," &c., *King John*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 112, and "an inland man," *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 2, p. 375.

p. 341. "I *charm* you," &c.: — i. e., I conjure you. Pope read, "I charge you."

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p. 342. "—— *Dwell I but i' th' suburbs*": — See the Note on "All houses in the suburbs," *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. 2.

p. 343. "*To wear a kerchief!* 'Would you were not *sick!*" — In Shakespeare's time it was common for sick men to tie a kerchief round their heads, as women now in sickness put on caps, even when they do not keep abed. For 'sick,' the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb 'ill.'

Scene II.

p. 344. "—— I never stood on *ceremonies*": — Here 'ceremonies' is used in the sense of auguries, omens.

" "Fierce fiery warriors *fought*": — The folio, "*fight;*" but "*drizzled*" and "*hurtled*," in the second and third lines below, plainly forbid the use of the present tense in this. In the fourth line below, the folio also misprints, "Horses *do* neigh."

p. 345. "We *are* two lions," &c.: — The folio, "We *heare* two lions." Theobald read, "We *were*," &c. But Upton's reading — that of the text — is preferable, not only for its better sense, but because 'are' — pronounced *air* — and 'heare' — pronounced *hair* (See "this unhear'd sauciness," &c., *King John*, Act V. Sc. 2) — might easily have been confounded in Shakespeare's time, especially by a compositor or a transcriber who "exhaspirated his haitches."

p. 347. "And reason to my love is *liable*": — This use of 'liable' for 'conformable' is not uncommon in New England.

Scene IV.

p. 349. "—— but *get thee gone*": — Professor Craik (*The English of Shakespeare*, p. 176) remarks upon this phrase that it is "an idiom; that is to say, a peculiar form of expression, the principle of which cannot be carried out beyond the particular instance. Thus, we cannot say either 'Make thee gone' or 'He got him (or himself) gone.'" Is this true? We do not; but can we not? — i. e., in accordance with the laws of thought and the principles of our language. Is not 'gone' used (in this phrase, as in many others) merely as a synonyme of 'away'? We say, 'Get thee gone,' as we say, 'Get thee up' or 'Get thee down.' And as we say, 'Make thee away' or 'He got him away,' is there any objection but

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lack of usage against 'Make thee gone' or 'He got him gone'?

p. 350. "*Enter Artemidorus*": — The folio, "Enter *the Soothsayer*," but erroneously, as Rowe discovered. The following dialogue is manifestly between *Portia* and the speaker in the previous Scene, whom she meets on his way to a convenient place where to address *Cæsar*. — The arrangement of the verse here is that of the folio, which seems to me much preferable to the following, which was made by Malone, and has been generally adopted.

"*Por.* Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?
Art. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Art. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet," &c.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 352. "*What touches us ourself*," &c.: — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 makes the specious, but entirely needless change, "*That* touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd."

" "What! urge you your petitions in the *street?*
Come to *the Capitol*": — Were it not for my extreme unwillingness to make any change not absolutely necessary in the arrangement of these plays, I should begin a new Scene after this speech, as, but for the same reason, I should have done in *King Henry the Eighth*, Act V. Sc. 2. (See the Note there on "The Council Chamber," p. 449.) For, although there was no change of *scenery* in Shakespeare's day, the audience was at this point manifestly to suppose a change of *scene;* and, indeed, it is impossible to perform this Scene as one, unless it is all made to pass in the Senate Chamber, which was clearly not intended by Shakespeare. But as change is not necessary for the reader, and as the present arrangement has not been even questioned hitherto, I leave it undisturbed, with this indication of its inconsistency.

"Cassius *on* Cæsar": — The folio, "Cassius *or* Cæsar." But I adopt Malone's suggested reading; for, although *Cassius*' suicide would prevent *his* turning back, what effect could it possibly have on *Cæsar's?*

p. 353. "He is *address'd*": — i. e., made ready, prepared.

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p. 353. "*Cas. Are we all ready?*" — In the folio this question is made a part of *Cæsar's* speech, the impropriety of which was noticed by Ritson, who proposed to transfer the words to *Cinna*. But they form an appropriate reply by *Casca* to *Cinna's* monition; and the error is easily accounted for by the similarity between the prefixes *Cask.* and *Cæf.* The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

" "These *couchings*": — Here Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "*crouchings*," and just below, "Low-*crouched* curtesies" — superfluously, however, as Mr. Singer showed by these quotations from Huloet: "Cowche, like a dogge; *procumbo, prosterno*," "crooke-backed *or* crowche-backed." And 'crook' is but 'crouch' with the *ch* hard.

" "Into the *law* of children": — The folio, "the *lane* of children" — an obvious misprint, which was yet left to be corrected by Johnson. Between *lane* and *lawe* there is the slightest possible difference.

" "Know, *Cæsar doth not wrong*": — On the authority of a passage in Ben Jonson's *Explorata*, (ed. 1640, fol. p. 98,) it has been supposed that we have not this line as Shakespeare wrote it. Jonson says that Shakespeare "many times fell into those things that could not escape laughter," and adds, by way of exemplification, "as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" But, as Mr. Collier has remarked, "It is very evident that Ben Jonson was only speaking from memory, 'shaken (as he confesses in the same work) with age now, and sloth;' because Metellus had not said, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' nor any thing like it, though that might have been the upshot of his complaint."

p. 354. "[*Casca stabs Cæsar*," &c.: — This stage direction was made up in the last century from the accounts of the assassination given by Plutarch and Suetonius. The folio has only, "*They stab Cæsar*."

" "*Et tu, Brute?*" — There is no authority for attributing this speech to *Cæsar*. But, according to an account recorded by Suetonius, *Cæsar*, on seeing *Brutus* stab, uttered the touching exclamation, Καὶ σύ, τέκνον = and thou, my son! Shakespeare, however, found the Latin phrase made to his hand; and years before the writing of *Julius Cæsar* it was used in the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, "Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar, too?" p. 176, Shak. Soc. Ed.

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p. 357. "(As *fire* drives out *fire*, so pity, pity)": — Notice that 'fire' in the first instance occupies the time of a dissyllable; in the second, of a monosyllable.

p. 358. "Our arms, in *strength of malice*": — The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context.

> "Though now we must appear *bloody and cruel*,
> As *by our hands*, and this our present act,
> You see we do; yet you see but our hands,
> And this the bleeding business they have done.
> *Our hearts* you see not; *they* are pitiful;
> And pity to the general wrong of Rome," &c.

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hate to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts, in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in. Pope read, "Our hearts *exempt from* malice;" Steevens explained the original text as meaning, "our arms strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers;" Capell printed, "Our arms *no* strength of malice;" Mr. Singer suggested, "in strength of *amity*;" and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "Our arms in strength of *welcome*," which Mr. Craik adopts.

" "—— and *crimson'd in thy lethe*": — I have always understood this to mean, crimsoned in the stream which bears thee to oblivion; and I cannot readily give up this apprehension of the passage, even after discovering Steevens has said that "'lethe' is used by many of the old translators of novels for 'death,'" and that Theobald and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, "thy *death*," regardless of the somewhat stubborn spelling of the folio, "Lethee." No instance has been produced of the use of 'lethe' in any other sense than that of oblivion, actual or figurative.

p. 359. "*Produce* his body *to* the market-place": — Although prepositions were used in Shakespeare's day with considerable variation from modern custom, this phrase is not equivalent to, Produce his body *at* the market-place, or like, Produce his body to me, in which 'produce' is used in its modern sense. *Antony*, using 'produce' in its radical sense, asks that he may bear forth *Cæsar's* body to the market-place.

p. 360. "Woe to the *hands*": — The folio, "the *hand*;" but for obvious reasons I have no hesitation in reading, '*hands*,' with Mr. Dyce.

" "A curse shall light upon *the limbs of men*": — A very

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doubtful reading. The only proposed correction worth recording is Dr. Johnson's, "the *lives* of men." I am almost sure that Shakespeare wrote, "the *fonnes* of men."

p. 361. "Cry '*Havock!*'" — See the Note on "do not cry havock," *Coriolanus*, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "*Began* to water": — Mr. Dyce, very appropriately, reads, "*Begin* to water."

" "No *Rome* of safety": — The so frequent pun. See the Note on "that I have room with Rome," *King John*, Act III. Sc. 1.

SCENE II.

p. 362. "—— and *have respect* to mine honour": — i. e., look to, consider, mine honour.

p. 363. "—— to live all *freemen?*" — Usually printed "free men."

" "I slew my best *lover*": — i. e., my best friend.

" "Shall [*now*] be crown'd in Brutus": — The folio, "*Shall be* crown'd," &c. Pope introduced 'now,' which may or may not be the word which manifestly has been lost.

p. 366. "—— some will dear *abide* it": — See the Note on "thou shalt aby it dear," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2.

p. 368. "—— Pompey's *statua*": — The folio, "Pompey's *statue;*" but the common use of '*statua*,' both in the prose and verse of Shakespeare's time, leaves no doubt that that form of the word should be given here for the completion of the verse.

" "—— *revenge! about*," &c.: — These exclamations, I suspect, were intended for a confused clamor by all the citizens.

p. 369. "For I have neither *wit*, nor words": — The folio, "neither *writ* nor words" — a manifest error, corrected in the second folio.

p. 370. "*On this side Tyber*": — An error: Cæsar's gardens were beyond the Tiber. But Shakespeare, as usual, followed his authority, — here North's Plutarch, — in which he found this sentence: "For first of all, when Cæsars testament was openly red amonge them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed vnto euery Citizen of Rome 75. Drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbors vnto the people, which he had on this side of the river of Tyber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built." Ed. 1579, p. 1064.

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p. 370. "—— *fire* the traitors' houses": — Here '*fire*' has the quantity of a dissyllable.

" "I heard *him* say, Brutus and Cassius," &c.: — Capell read, "I heard *them* say" — a needless change.

SCENE III.

p. 371. "And things *unlucky*": — The folio, "*unluckily*," which I am not quite sure that Warburton was right in changing to "unlucky." The *Poet* may mean that many things besides his dream of the feast charge his fancy unluckily. Steevens remarks, "I learn from an old black-letter book on Fortune-telling, &c., that to dream 'of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune.'" It were better had Steevens given his authority here as well as elsewhere.

p. 372. "—— and *turn him going*": — An idiom found in *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 1: "Do this expediently, and turn him going."

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

" "Their names are *prick'd*": — We should say, 'check'd.'

" "Who is *your sister's son*, Mark Antony": — Here is an error for which it is difficult to account. For (as Shakespeare might have read, and most probably did read, in the Life of Antonius, in North's Plutarch) "Antonius . . . forsooke *Lucius Cæsar*, who was his Vncle by his mother." Ed. 1579, p. 978. We know nothing, I believe, of his having given up a Publius.

p. 373. "On *objects*, *arts*, and imitations": — If any change were needful in this line, there could not be a better one than that proposed by Theobald, "On *abject orts* and imitations;" an ort being a scrap or fragment, in which sense the word is several times used by Shakespeare. But why not say of objects and arts, as well as of imitations, that they are out of use and staled by other men? The folio prints and punctuates very distinctly, "On Objects, Arts, and Imitations."

p. 374. "*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd*": — A mutilated line for which the second folio gives, —

"Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd *out*;"

and Malone, with equal authority, if not equal fitness, —

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to the utmost*."

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Scene II.

p. 376. "*Lucius*, do you the like": — The folio has, "*Lucillius*, do you," &c.; and, in the third line below, "Let *Lucius* and Titinius guard," &c. To mend the crippled rhythm of the first line, Steevens, striking out 'you,' read, "Lucilius *do the* like," &c., and was generally followed. But Professor Craik was the first to notice (*English of Shakespeare*, p. 242) the absurdity of associating *Lucius* and *Titinius* — a servant-boy and an officer of rank — in the guarding of a general's door. It seems plain enough that *Brutus* should give to his servant the same order that his fellow-commander gives to his; and that in the folio "*Lucillius*," in the first line, is a misprint for *Lucius*, and "*Let Lucius*," in the third, a misprint for *Lucillius*. This correction restores both keeping and rhythm to the passage. In accordance with this change, it will be noticed that in the next Scene (and according to the folio) it is *Lucilius*, not *Lucius*, who forbids the *Poet* to enter *Brutus*' tent.

Scene III.

" "*Within the Tent of Brutus*": — The last Scene is supposed to pass outside of *Brutus*' tent, into which he invites *Cassius* in the last speech but one. But in the folio, where the divisions of the Scenes are not indicated in this play, the simple direction is, "*Exeunt* [Lucilius, Titinius, Lucius, &c.] *Manent Brutus and Cassius*." The audients were plainly to suppose a change of Scene here, as in *King Henry the Eighth*, Act V. Sc. 2; *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 5; and this play, Act III. Sc. 1.

" "Wherein my *letter* . . . *was* slighted off": — The folio, "Wherein my *letters* . . . was," &c., which has been hitherto changed to "Wherein my letters . . . *were*," &c. I prefer merely to drop the single letter *s*, which we so often find superfluously added to words in the folio and books of its date.

" "*Let me tell you, Cassius*": — It has been suspected that a syllable is lost from the beginning of this line, and Pope read, "*Yet* let me," &c. But would not the addition of a syllable deprive the line of a stern abruptness which suits it well? — especially as there is a superfluous syllable at the end of the preceding line.

p. 377. "—— Brutus, *bay* not me": — The folio, "*bait* not me;" but Theobald, who made the change, seems unquestionably right. He gave no reasons; but *Cassius*

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plainly catches at and echoes *Brutus'* word, which suggests to him, it is true, a stag at bay, or a bull or bear at the stake; for he adds, "You forget yourself *to hedge me in.*"

p. 378. "—— to learn of *noble* men": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the specious reading, "I shall be glad to learn of *abler* men;" referring to *Cassius'* assertion that he was older in practice and *abler* than *Brutus.*

p. 380. "—— *dishonour shall be humour*": — This may mean, dishonour, disrespect shown by you, shall be attributed to your humour. But I strongly suspect that we should read, "dishonour shall be *honour.*"

p. 381. "*Companion*, hence": — As late as the time when Smollett wrote *Roderick Random*, 'companion,' like 'fellow,' was sometimes used in a derogatory sense.

p. 382. "—— *Impatient* of my absence": — It may be that, in the words of Professor Craik, "This speech is, throughout, a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar;" but I incline to the belief that we should read, "Impa*tience* of my absence."

p. 383. "That by *proscription*": — Here 'proscription' is a quadrisyllable, and the line an Alexandrine.

p. 384. "Come on refresh'd, new-*added*": — Mr. Singer and Mr. Dyce independently suggested the plausible reading, new-*aided.*"

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

p. 388. "—— their *battles* are at hand": — i. e., their armies. See, below, "Octavius, lead your battle softly on."

p. 389. "The *posture* of your blows *are* yet unknown": — This agreement of the verb with the noun which immediately precedes it without being its nominative, may be due to accident, as it often is even now-a-days; but it occurs too often for us to assume that such is the case.

p. 390. "—— Cæsar's *three and thirty wounds*": — According to the historians, Cæsar fell under three and *twenty* wounds.

p. 391. "—— our *former* ensign": — i. e., our foremost ensign; — the comparative for the superlative, according to a usage of Shakespeare's day.

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SCENE III.

p. 393. "—— and did take *it* from him": — 'Ensign,' or 'ancient,' was used of old, as now, to mean either the flag or him who bore it. Here, by a not very happy license, it is used at once for both.

p. 397. "*The* last of all the Romans": — Rowe and many editors after him read, "*Thou* last," &c., which is specious. But here Shakespeare followed North's Plutarch very closely: "So when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the* last of all the Romanes, being vnpossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valliant a man as he: he caused his bodie to be buried," &c. Ed. 1579, p. 1076.

" "—— to *Thassos* send his body": — The folio, "to *Tharsus*," &c. — a misprint for "to Thassos," (properly *Thasos*,) which Shakespeare found in North's Plutarch.

" "His *funerals*": — The plural was the commoner form in Shakespeare's day, and is generally used by him.

SCENE V.

p. 400. "Hold thou my sword-*hilts*": — As in the case of 'funerals,' the plural form was generally used.

" "—— some *smack* of honour": — The folio, "smatch" — a mere irregularity in the spelling of 'smack.'

p. 401. "His life was gentle; *and the elements*
So mix'd in him," &c.: — There is a likeness between this passage and the 40th stanza of the Third Book of Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, which appears in this form in the edition of 1603: —

"Such one he was (of him we boldly say)
In whose rich soule all sovereign powers did sute,
In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
So mixt, as none could sovereigntie impute;
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was so absolute,
That 't seem'd, when Heaven his modell first began,
In him it shew'd *perfection in a man*."

This stanza appeared unaltered in four subsequent editions; but in a fifth (in folio, 1619) it was given with the following slight variations: —

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say,)
In whose rich Soule the Virtues well did sute:

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In whom, *so mix'd, the Elements all lay,*
That none to one could Sou'reigntie impute;
As all did gouerne, so did all obay;
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to shew *all that might be in Man.*"

In the original version of the *Barons' Wars*, (*Mortermeriados*, 1596,) which Drayton entirely recast before 1603, there is no trace of this stanza. From these facts Malone concluded that "Drayton was the copyist [of Shakespeare] as his verses originally stood," and that "in the altered stanza he certainly was." But even if the likeness between the passages in question must necessarily be the consequence of imitation on the part of one poet, it would not follow that Drayton was the copyist. For we know that Shakespeare was ready enough to take a hint or even a thought from any quarter; and a decision that he did not do so in this case (imitation being presumed) must rest upon the previous establishment of the fact that *Julius Cæsar* was written before 1603; as to conclude, from the resemblance, that the play was produced before the recasting of the poem is to beg the question in the most palpable manner. — But this resemblance implies no imitation on either side. For the notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity, was commonly held during the sixteenth, and the first half, at least, of the seventeenth century, the writers of which period worked it up in all manner of forms. Malone himself pointed out the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, (Act II. Sc. 3,) which was acted in 1600, three years before the publication of the recast *Barons' Wars*: "A creature of a most *perfect and divine temper*, one in whom the humours and *elements are peaceably met, without emulatiòn of precedency.*" And see the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Part I., 1575: —

"If wee consider could the substance of *a man*
How he composed is of *Elements* by kinde," &c.
King Ferrex, Stan. 9.

And *The Optick Glass of Humours*: "Wee must know that all natural bodies have their composition of the *mixture of the Elements*, fire, aire, water, earth." p. 76. See also Nares' *Glossary*, &c., and Richardson's *English Dictionary in v.* 'Elements.' It is not improbable that Drayton, in correcting his poem again for the edition of 1619, changed "Heaven his model first began" to "*Na-*

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ture him began" with the passage from *Julius Cæsar*, consciously or unconsciously, in mind. But this is a matter of no present interest; for at the appearance of that edition Shakespeare had been dead three years; and the question is of importance only in relation to the date of the production of this play, on which account it would have been examined in the Introduction, were the point of sufficient consequence. — Imitation of one poet by the other might have been much more reasonably charged by any editor or commentator who had happened to notice the following similarity between a speech of *Antony's* and another passage in the *Barons' Wars* : —

"I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's *wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths*,
And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and *put a tongue*
In every wound of Cæsar," &c. Act III. Sc. 2.

"That now their *wounds* (*with mouthes* euen open'd wide)
Lastly inforc'd to call for present death,
That wants but Tongues, your Swords doe giue them breath." *Barons' Wars*, Book II. St. 38, ed. 1603.

Which was thus altered for the edition of 1619, in which it is a part of stanza 39 : —

"So that their Woundes, like Mouthes, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for present Death,
Had they but Tongues, their deepnesse giues them breath."

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MACBETH.

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Macbeth occupies twenty-one pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 131 to p. 151 inclusive, in the division of Tragedies. It is divided into Acts and Scenes, but has no list of Dramatis Personæ. This was first supplied by Rowe

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MACBETH.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the few of Shakespeare's plays which, as far as we know, were not based in a greater or less degree upon novels or the works of other dramatists, we must place *Macbeth*. He found the two stories which he interwove into the plot of this tragedy in Holinshed's Chronicles of Scotland. The first is that of the historical hero of the play, a Scottish nobleman, who, being himself the heir apparent to the throne in case of King Duncan's death during the minority of his sons, and being excited by the predictions of three witches that he should be king, attacks and slays his kinsman and his sovereign, usurps the crown, rules tyrannically, murders Banquo, to whom the witches predict that he shall be the father of kings, sacks the castle, and slaughters the family of Macduff, who distrusts him, carries a high hand because the witches tell him that he is invulnerable by any man of woman born, and is finally brought to bay and slain by Macduff, who did not enter the world in the ordinary course of nature. The second is the story of the murder of King Duff (who reigned about three quarters of a century before Duncan) by Donwald, captain of the Castle of Forres, in revenge of real or fancied injuries. He, at the instigation of his wife, caused the king to be slaughtered in the night by four of his (Donwald's) servants, and killed with his own hand the king's chamberlains, to turn suspicion upon them. Shakespeare seems to have been indebted in this play to no other source, either for incident or character, unless we should except the superstitions, written and unwritten, of his day, concerning witches and their spells and incantations. Shakespeare followed Holinshed's relation of these two stories very closely, as far as regards the course of events, and even in the preservation of many minor

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incidents, such as the occurrence of the prodigies which accompanied the death of the king, and the conversation between *Malcolm* and *Macduff* in England, in which the former slanders himself to test the sincerity of the latter. And, as his manner was, he did not even disdain, upon occasion, to adopt the language of the chronicler. The old story also suggested to him the character of *Lady Macbeth* herself, and her agency in the tragedy. For Holinshed represents Macbeth's wife as "very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen." Donwald's wife, too, as we have seen, incited her husband to the murder of King Duff; pertinaciously devising "the means whereby he might accomplish it;" while he, although he yielded to her fiendish temptations, "greatly abhorred the act in his heart."

The principal points in which Shakespeare deviated from Holinshed's relation of the story of Macbeth are the substitution of the incidents of the murder of King Duff for the chronicler's simple statement that Macbeth "slew the king at Inverness," and the making Banquo innocent of all knowledge of the design upon Duncan's life, although it is recorded that he was chief among Macbeth's partisans in the usurpation and supporters in the regicide. By the former variation Shakespeare gained the opportunity for the grandest exhibition of the pure tragedy of horror that exists in all literature, — the second Act of this play, — and for two preparatory Scenes (Scenes 5 and 7 of Act I.) which are surpassed as psychological studies by few even of his own. By the latter, he adroitly flattered the newly-crowned monarch, James I., whose accession to the throne of England not improbably occasioned the choice of this subject or a new play.

A question has been raised, which cannot be regarded yet as settled, upon the originality of the Scenes of witchcraft in this tragedy. In a play called *The Witch*, the date of which is altogether uncertain, and which was written by Thomas Middleton, a contemporary of Shakespeare, but who began his dramatic career about ten years later, there are Scenes which are undeniably either the originals of the incantation Scenes in *Macbeth*, or copies of them. Shakespeare would not have hesitated a moment about imitating Middleton, or any other writer, had it suited his purpose to do so; but I believe the Scenes in *The Witch* to be the imitations, not only because they have the air, at once timid, constrained, and exaggerated, which indicates in

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every art a copy by a very much inferior hand, but because witchcraft was an essential motive power in the very story which Shakespeare had chosen to dramatise. And witchcraft being thus inherent in his plot, and the superstitions of his day furnishing him ample material with which to fulfil this indication, — exactly the material, too, which he used, — I cannot believe that, with his wealth of creative power, he would ever have thought of going to the work of a younger dramatist for the mere supernatural costume with which to dress out such mysterious and unique creatures of his imagination as the three weird sisters of this tragedy. Others have also concluded that Middleton was the copyist; but not on any grounds that seem to me sufficient.*

Macbeth was written between 1603 and 1610. The former of these dates is fixed by the vision of the kings in Act IV. Sc. 1, in which the last of the line carry "twofold balls and treble sceptres" — an allusion which could not have been made before James I. had united in his person the sovereignty of the three kingdoms known as Great Britain and Ireland. The latter limit was determined by the discovery of a record of the performance of *Macbeth* at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610, in the manuscript diary of Dr. Simon Forman, which is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. As James was not proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland until October, 1604, and as the remarkable circumstance of the union of the kingdoms under his sceptre would have been likely to direct Shakespeare's attention to his favorite historical authority for the subject of a new play, we may perhaps safely conclude that *Macbeth* was produced in 1605. In August of that year King James visited the University of Oxford, and was, of course, received with elaborate welcome and formal entertainment. At St. John's College he was met by three students personating the three weird sisters, who chanted a dialogue in which he was named as the descendant of Banquo, whose happy reign over the three kingdoms they had prognosticated so many centuries before.† To regard this performance as the origin of the brief

* See especially Malone's Life of Shakespeare, Variorum of 1821, Vol. II., pp. 420–438.

† "Tres adolescentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è Collegio prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, Regi se tres esse illas Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim sobolis imperia prædixerant, jamque iterum comparere, ut eadem vaticinii veritate prædicerent Jacobo, se jam et diu

passage in the tragedy which refers to the same prediction and its event appears to me to reverse the usual and natural relations of transmitted thought. It would seem rather that the masking at the University was a scholastic elaboration of Shakespeare's incidental allusion; and I have little hesitation in referring the production of *Macbeth* to the period between October, 1604, and August, 1605.

I am the more inclined to this opinion from the indications which the play itself affords that it was produced upon an emergency. It exhibits throughout the hasty execution of a grand and clearly-conceived design. But the haste is that of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his conception to its minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure. What the Sistine Madonna was to Raffael, it seems that *Macbeth* was to Shakespeare — a magnificent impromptu; that kind of impromptu which results from the application of well-disciplined powers and rich stores of thought to a subject suggested by occasion. I am inclined to regard *Macbeth* as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakespeare's unelaborated, if not unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extremest compression and most daring ellipsis, while it exhibits in every Scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language. Hence, I think, its lack of formal completeness of versification in certain passages, and also some of the imperfection in its text, the thought in which the compositors were not always able to follow and apprehend. The only authority for the text of *Macbeth* is the folio of 1623, the apparent corruptions of which must be restored with a more than usually cautious hand. Without being multitudinous or confusing, they are sufficiently numerous and important to test severely the patience, acumen, and judgment of any editor.

The period of the action of this tragedy is the middle of the eleventh century, and its incidents occurred in the course of about twenty years. Duncan was killed about 1040, and Macbeth defeated and slain about 1060. The costume must of necessity be the Highland garb; but it should be presented in

Regem futurum Britanniæ felicissimum et multorum regum parentem, ut ex Banchonis stirpe nunquam sit hæres Britannico diademati defuturus." Wake's *Rex Platonicus*, 1607. pp. 18, 19.

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as rudimentary a condition as possible. For not only is the modern Highland costume an artistic compilation and elaboration not many centuries old, though of elements themselves indigenous and ancient, but its purposed and pavonic picturesqueness is somewhat inconsistent with the rugged and primitive social aspect of this drama, and the simplicity of the motives which produce its action.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
MALCOLM, } *his Sons.*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } *Thanes of* Scotland.
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *Son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the English Forces.*
YOUNG SIWARD, *his Son.*
SEYTON, *an Officer attending* Macbeth.
Son *to* Macduff.
An English Doctor. *A* Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier. *A* Porter. *An* Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman *attending* Lady Macbeth.
HECATE.
Three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, *and* Messengers.

The Ghost *of* Banquo, *and other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth Act, in* England; *through the rest of the Play, in* Scotland.

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THE TRAGEDY OF

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

FIRST WITCH.

WHEN shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
2 *Witch.* Paddock calls.
3 *Witch.* Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vanish*

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SCENE II.

A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Malcolm. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity. — Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King thy knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.
Soldier. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is suppli'd;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

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Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders [break,]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell. —
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both. — Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter Rosse *and* Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.
Lenox. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the King!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great King;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

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Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. — Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: "Give me," quoth I: —
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

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Her husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o' th' Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' th' shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

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Banquo. How far is't call'd to Forres? — What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: — You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. — What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? — I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

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3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers; tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? — Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. — Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be King.
Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?
Ban. To th' self-same tune and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that

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In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. — [*To* Rosse *and* Ang.] Thanks for your pains. —
[*To* Banq.] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

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Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen. —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner 's rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

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Macb. Give your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. — Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the king. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he di'd
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. —

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Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee: would thou had'st less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. — Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine

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On all deservers. — From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland! — That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady Macbeth. "*They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title before, these weird sisters saluted me,*

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and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. — Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou do'st fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. —

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Attendant. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;

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Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.
Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [*Exit* Attendant.] The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it? Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!' —

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the All-hail, hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men

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May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like th' innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady M. Only look up clear:
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess. —

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The Same. A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants, *with dishes and service. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.

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It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. — He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on th' other. —

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:

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He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' th' adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere; and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, —

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

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And we'll not fail When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled; and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest shew:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *before him with a torch.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fleance. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword. —

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The King's a-bed: —
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess: — and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

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Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. —
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee: —
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use. —
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,

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Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's off'rings; and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell. [*Exit.*

[Scene II., 1623.]

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. — Hark! — Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,

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That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: — th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. — Hark! — I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed. — Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cri'd, "Murther!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cri'd, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other,
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,

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List'ning their fear. — I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep," — the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cri'd, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cri'd? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,

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That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit.* — *Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking? —
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: — retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers. — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III., 1623.]

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man

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were porter of Hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Beelzebub? — Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name? — 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? — 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for Hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets

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him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit* MACDUFF.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does: — he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to th' woeful time. The obscure bird

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Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the Earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. — Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake! awake! —
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell. — Murther and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady!

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'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Enter BANQUO.

Would murther as it fell. — O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murther'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but di'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. O! by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted.
No man's life was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

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Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues, that most may claim
This argument for ours?
Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Aside to each other.
Ban. Look to the lady. —
[Lady MACBETH *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.

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Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' th' hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murtherous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

[Scene IV., 1623.]

Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE *and an* Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,

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And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of Earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horse, (a thing most strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. —

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd
Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means! — Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

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Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill;
The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin; I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
— adieu —
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

BANQUO.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for 't. Yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,

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May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King;* Lady MACBETH, *as Queen;* LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state

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Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. — [*Exit* BANQUO.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt* Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, *&c.*
Sirrah, a word with you.
Attend those men our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord,
Without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. — [*Exit* Atten.] To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and under him
My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind,

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For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, — the seeds of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! — Who's there?

Enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Murderer*. It was, so please your Highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'
1 *Mur*. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?
1 *Mur*. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,

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As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,

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Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' th' time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; — always thought,
That I require a clearness: and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's,) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt* Murderers.
It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Servant. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

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Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have di'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!
Lady M. Come on:
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.

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Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.

The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' th' Court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th' palace gate
Make it their walk.
2 *Mur.* A light, a light!
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE, *with a torch.*

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults* BANQUO

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. — O slave!
[*Dies.* FLEANCE *escapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.
2 *Mur.* We have lost
Best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away,
And say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst.

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Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. — [*Approaching the door.*] There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' th' cut-throats. Yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou did'st it
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that. —
[*Aside.*] There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. — Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home:
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

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Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your Highness sit?

The Ghost of BANQUO *appears, and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!
Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your Highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat:
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the Devil.
Lady M. O, proper stuff!

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This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? —
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murther is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget. —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down. — Give me some wine: fill full. —

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I drink to th' general joy o' th' whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

The Ghost appears again.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*
Why, so; — being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,

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And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his Majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a man of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

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Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

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Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song, accompanied, within,* "Come away, come away," *&c.*

Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: — marry, he was dead;
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

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It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English Court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours; —
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"

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The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, t' hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the Court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron, boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harpier cries, — 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —
Toad, that under [the] cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

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2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a song*, "Black spirits," *&c.*

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2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. — [*Knocking.*
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters' —
Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come high, or low;
Thyself and office deftly shew.

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Thunder. An Apparition *of an armed Head appears.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

1 *Apparition.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the Thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: — enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. — But one word more: —

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child appears.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. —

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, appears.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

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All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Shew!
2 *Witch.* Shew!
3 *Witch.* Shew!
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Come like shadows, so depart.

An Apparition *of eight* Kings *and* Banquo, *who pass over in order; the last* King *bearing a mirror.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: — and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —
A third is like the former: — Filthy hags!

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Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? — Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?
Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more: —
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! — Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. — What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? —
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And shew the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? — Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar! —
Come in! without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! — I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

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Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sprites. — Where are these gentlemen?
Come; bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSSE.

Lady Macduff. What had he done to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

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His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much farther:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move. — I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'd'st never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

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Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,

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Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? — What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg,
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit* Lady MACDUFF, *crying murder, and pursued by the* Murderers.

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SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
T' appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;

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Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd! — Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know

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All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor State
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid Hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce

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To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on Earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Di'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself

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Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me; for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The Devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,

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That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

[*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:

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Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men:

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An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:

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Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? — O, hell-kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. — But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. — Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Physician *and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gentlewoman. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, — to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumb'ry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

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Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

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Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit* Lady MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. — So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and* Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

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Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cathness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we th' med'cine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs

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To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Physician, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus: —
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." — Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand —
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.

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Macb. Take thy face hence. — [*Exit* Servant.]
Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton! —

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. —
How does your patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote

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Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. —
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. —
Seyton, send out. — Doctor, the Thanes fly from me. —
Come, sir, dispatch. — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? — Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, *and his* Son, Macduff, Menteith, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, *and* Soldiers *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

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Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siward. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength

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Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.
[*Exit* SEYTON.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry?

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have di'd hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. — Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

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Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;" — and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and out! —
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' th' world were now undone. —
Ring the alarum! — Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

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Scene VI.

The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Macduff, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. — You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

Scene VII.

The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ti'd me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Young Siward. What is thy name?

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Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in Hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and* Young SIWARD *is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman: —
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. — Tyrant, shew thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord. — The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight:

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The noble Thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;

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That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' th' time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough.'
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTEITH, Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he di'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow

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Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Enter MACDUFF *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls; the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

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Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; — this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt*

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NOTES ON MACBETH.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

p. 427. "I come, *Graymalkin*":—'Graymalkin' was almost as common a name for a cat as 'Towser' for a dog or 'Bayard' for a horse. Cats played an important part in witchcraft.

" "*Paddock* calls": — 'Paddock' means a toad. The folio gives this passage thus: —

"*All. Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre."

The arrangement of the text was first proposed, I believe, by Mr. Hunter. It seems to me to be required both by the succession of the thoughts, and by the ternary sequence of the dialogue of the *Witches* throughout the Scenes in which we see them at their incantations.

Scene II.

p. 428. "—— *a bleeding Soldier*": — The folio, "a bleeding *Captaine*." He was a sergeant — an officer, it appears, of higher rank in Shakespeare's time than now, when grades are increased in number and more clearly defined than they were before the tactics of Cromwell, Marlborough, and Frederick had systematized the construction of armies. Shakespeare found a sergeant sent as a messenger, though upon a different errand, in the earlier part of Holinshed's relation of *Macbeth's* story.

" "—— *thy* knowledge of the broil": — The folio, "*the* knowledge;" but I have no hesitation in adopting the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

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p. 428. "*The merciless Macdonwald*": — So the folio. But, as Holinshed has, "*Macdowald*," it is more than probable that the old reading is a slight misprint.

" "—— *for to that*," &c.: — 'For to that' is equivalent to 'because.'

" "*Of Kernes and Gallowglasses*": — See the Notes on *King Henry the Sixth*, Part II. Act IV. Sc. 9. In support of the remarks there made, see these passages. "These Curlewes are mountains full of dangerous passages, especially when the *Kern* take a stomach and a pride to enter into action," &c. *The Glory of England*, Lib. I. Chap. XVII., The Description of Ireland. "Then [in time of war] doe they retire under the covert of castles . . . lying altogether in one roome both to prevent robberies of *Kern*, and spoile by Wolves." *Ibid.* "The name of *Galliglas* is [1610] in a manner extinct, but of *Kern* in great reputation, as serving them in their revolts, and proving sufficient soldiers, but excellent for skirmish." *Ibid.* "They [the Irish] are desperate in revenge, and their *Kerne* think no man dead untill his head be off." *Ibid.*

" "—— on his damned *quarrel* smiling": — The folio, "on his damned *quarry* smiling." But this reading affords no sense suitable to the context, and without any hesitation I adopt that suggested by Johnson, which, although it might have been altogether conjectural with him, is made in a certain degree authoritative by its occurrence in Holinshed's relation of this very fact. "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people to assist him in that rebellious quarrel." As to the use of 'quarrel' in the sense of cause, Malone quoted most appositely the following passage from Bacon's Essay *Of Marriage and Single Life*: "Wives are young Men's Mistresses, Companions for middle Age, and old Men's Nurses. So as a man may have a Quarrel to marry, when he will." Macdonwald's *quarry* could only mean his slaughtered enemies, upon whom Fortune did not smile, and whom, as *Duncan's* friends, the Sergeant would not have "damned."

" "—— but *all's too* weak": — Mr. Hunter suggests, with some reason, that we should read, "but all-to weak," i. e., but entirely, completely weak; as, "a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all-to brake his scull." *Judges* ix. 53.

p. 429. "—— and direful thunders [*break*]": — The first folio has only, "and direful thunders;" the second, "and

direful thunders *breaking:*" upon which Pope judiciously formed the reading of the text.

p. 429. "So they *doubly redoubled* strokes," &c.: — The phrase "doubly redoubled" is found also in *Richard the Second*, Act I. Sc. 3: "thy blows doubly redoubled fall." But the halting rhythm of the first part of this line, its two superfluous syllables, and the unmitigated triplication of 'double,' lead me to think that the greater part of a line has been lost, of which in 'so they' we have only the first two or last two syllables.

" "*Enter Rosse and Angus*": — So the folio. Only *Rosse* speaks or is spoken to. But in the very next Scene *Rosse* and *Angus* execute the commission given in this, and the latter says, "*We* are sent," &c.

p. 430. "—— at *Saint Colmes' Inch*": — "*Colmes'-inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, (says Steevens,) is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*." — Here 'Colmes' is a dissyllable.

Scene III.

" "*Aroint* thee, witch! the *rump-fed ronyon* cries": — This vulgar exorcism occurs again in *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4, but has been found in the works of no other author. Its etymology has not been traced, unless Mr. Wilbraham's conjecture (*Cheshire Gloss. in v.* 'Rynt') that it is formed from 'Arowme' = remote, *deprope*, *seorsum*, is correct. (See *Promptorium Parvulorum in v.* 'Arowme.') 'Rynt thee witch, quoth Bess Locket to her mother,' is a North of England folk saying. Possibly 'aroint' is a corruption of 'avaunt.' — 'Ronyon' was a vulgar term of reproach, equivalent to 'scurvy drab.' See the Note on *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 2.

p. 431. "I' th' shipman's *card*": — i. e., his *chart*, which rightfully should be pronounced *cart*, the *ch* as in *charta*.

" "*Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine*": — Pining away, the disease now known as *marasmus*, was one of the evils most commonly attributed to witchcraft; because by the inferior pathological knowledge of the days when witches were believed in, it could be attributed to no physiological cause. The witch was supposed to produce this effect by puncturing with needles, or melting away, a little waxen image of her intended victim.

" "The *weird* sisters": — This word should be pronounced *wayrd*, (*ei* as in 'obeisance,' 'freight,' 'weight,'

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'either,' 'neither,') and not *weerd*, as it usually is. In the folio and other books of that and earlier dates it is spelled *wayard*, *wayward*, or *weyward*. Spelled in either way, it is in effect a dissyllable. It is from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd* = fate.

p. 432. "—— to *Forres*": — The folio misprints, "to *Loris*."

" "Are ye *fantastical*": — i. e., creatures of fantasy. Shakespeare found the epithet applied to the witches in Holinshed.

p. 433. "By *Sinel's* death, I know, I am *Thane of Glamis*": — The thanedom of Glamis was in *Macbeth's* family. Sinel was his father's name, according to Boethius, whom Holinshed copied.

" "—— *on the insane root*": — Douce quoted in illustration the following passage from *Batman upon Bartholome de Propriet. rerum*: "Henbane . . . is called *Insana*, mad, for the use thereof is perillous; for if it be eate or dronke it breedeth madness, &c. . . . it taketh away wit and reason." Lib. xvii. ch. 87. — Note the use of 'on' for 'of.'

p. 434. "—— As thick as *tale*
Came post with post": — The folio has, "*Can* post with post," which very manifest error Rowe corrected. But he also changed the uncommon comparison, "as thick as tale," for that which is so common in ordinary conversation and in literature, "as thick as *hail*," which reading has been adopted by many editors, among them Mr. Dyce. Quite erroneously, however, in my opinion; for although to say that men arrived as thick as tale, i. e., as fast as they could be told, is an admissible hyperbole, to say that *men* arrived as thick as *hail*, i. e., as close together as hailstones in a storm, is equally absurd and extravagant. The expression 'as thick as hail' is never applied, either in common talk or in literature, I believe, except to inanimate objects which fall or fly, or have fallen or flown, with unsuccessive multitudinous rapidity.

" "In which *addition*": — i. e., added title.

p. 435. "—— That, *trusted* home": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, somewhat plausibly, "*thrusted* home."

" "—— my *single* state of man": — i. e., my inadequate, unsupported manhood.

" "*Time and the hour*": — Mr. Hunter, who exhibits (*New Illustrations*, &c.) the fruits of a very careful and intelligent study of this play, but with whose opinions I

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cannot always agree, has the following very just observation upon this much be-commented passage: "We feel the meaning of this, and perhaps every reader of Shakespeare feels it alike. . . . We need not, therefore, be solicitous to scan every element of the general idea, to weigh the particular force and effect of every word. Alas for much of our finest poetry, if we are to deal with it thus!" — Many instances of a corresponding use of the same phrase have been found in English literature, and even in Italian.

Scene IV.

p. 436. "—— *are* not "Those in commission," &c.: — The folio, by misprint almost too obvious to be mentioned, has, "*or* not," &c.

" "—— the dearest thing he *ow'd*": — i. e., he owned.

p. 438. "*The Prince of Cumberland!* — That is a step," &c.: — In those early days the crown of Scotland was not hereditary; and, upon the appointment of a successor during the life of the King, the former was immediately created Prince of Cumberland. Hence *Macbeth's* anxiety. Shakespeare found this incident in Holinshed.

" "*True, worthy Banquo*": — This is Duncan's continuation of a conversation carried on with *Banquo* during *Macbeth's* self-communing. A little touch of dramatic art common with Shakespeare, and which shows how constantly he kept the stage and the audience in mind.

Scene V.

" "*Enter Lady Macbeth*": — In the stage directions of the folio, throughout the play, she is called simply "*the Lady*," or "*Macbeth's wife*;" never Lady Macbeth, or the Queen. Her name was Gruach, or Grwok; and, according to Wyntoun's Chronicle, she was the wife of Duncan, and married the man who slew her husband.

p. 439. "The *illness* should attend it": — i. e., the evil nature, the evil conditions, as the old phrase went.

" "Which Fate and *metaphysical* aid": — i. e., aid beyond physical aid, supernatural aid.

p. 440. "Th' effect and *it*": — The folio has, "*hit*" for 'it' here, and so often elsewhere that the fact is at least worthy of remark. See the Notes on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act V. Sc. 3, p. 145.

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p. 440. "And *take my milk for gall*": — i. e., not use my milk for gall, but give me gall instead of my milk.

" "Nor Heaven peep through *the blanket of the dark*": — I mention the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632, "the *blankness* of the dark," only lest it should be supposed that I had overlooked it. The text has been "justified" by the citation of parallel passages from various other authors. But this is quite superfluous. The man who does not apprehend the meaning and the pertinence of the figure 'the blanket of the dark' had better shut his Shakespeare, and give his days and nights to the perusal of — some more correct and classic writer.

SCENE VI.

p. 441. "Buttress, nor *coigne* of vantage": — Coigne of vantage means a projecting angle in the masonry. So in *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. 4: "See you yond' coigne o' th' Capitol; yond' corner stone?" and the wedges which printers drive between the body of type which forms a page and the iron frame in which it is encased, or enchased, is called a coigne; but whether it is so spelled I do not know.

" "Where they *most* breed": — The folio misprints, "*must* breed," which Rowe, of course, corrected.

p 442. "How you shall bid *God yield us* for your pains": — Mr. Hunter quotes from Palsgrave's French and English Dictionary: "We use 'God yelde you' by manner of thanking a person." f. 411 *b*.

" "Were poor and *single business*": — i. e., small business. So "your chin double, your wit single," 2 *King Henry the Fourth*, Act I. Sc. 2; "a single thing as I am now," *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2; and "my single state of man," Sc. 3 of this Act. There is whimsical likeness and logical connection between this phrase and one which has lately come into vulgar vogue, 'a *one-horse* affair,' 'a one-horse town,' &c.

" "We rest your *hermits*": — i. e., your beadsmen, those who pray for you.

SCENE VII.

" "*Enter . . . a Sewer*": — A sewer was a household officer in great establishments who directed the setting out and decoration of the table.

"*If it were done*," &c.: — In the folio the punctuation

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of the opening lines of this soliloquy (which, contrary to a very common notion about it, the reader who apprehends and sympathizes with the mental condition of the speaker will find singularly clear and direct in thought, amid all its bewildering accumulation of metaphor) is as follows: —

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
> It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
> Could trammell up," &c.

This punctuation, in which the colon takes the place (as it so often does) of a comma, or, rather, indicates a sectional pause in the rhythm, has been preserved, with the exception of the superfluous comma at the end of the first line, in every edition of the play that I have examined. The consequence has been an almost universal misapprehension of the significance of these lines, even among actors, by whom they are generally read as if they meant, 'If the murder is to be done, when I do it I had better do it quickly.' But this thought is not only very tame, and therefore entirely unsuited to the situation, and inexpressive of the speaker's mental state, but entirely incongruous with the succeeding passage of the soliloquy, which is the expansion of a single thought and a single feeling twin-born — consciousness of guilt and dread of punishment in a sensitive, imaginative nature, devoid of moral firmness. *Macbeth's* first thought is, that when the murder is done the end is not yet, either here or hereafter; and this thought possesses him entirely, until he sees the poisoned chalice commended to his own lips. So Shakespeare, using, as his custom was, one word, 'done,' in two senses, makes the prospective murderer of his guest, his kinsman, and his king say, — and with this emphasis, — 'If it were *done* [ended] when 'tis done, [performed,] *then* it would be well. It were done [ended] quickly if the assassination could clear itself from all consequences," and so on, to show that 'tis not *done* when 'tis done, and therefore it is *not* well. Only with this punctuation, and with this signification, can the first part of this soliloquy have a becoming dignity, and its parts a due connection. Yet, strange to say, in all that has been written about it, with a single exception, there is, as far as my knowledge extends, no hint of this perception of the true meaning of the passage. But I remember having heard an inferior actor, whose name I forget, read it, *as to punctuation*, according to the text. He did so, however, only in an indiscriminate, random search after a new reading. For, marvellous to relate, he missed the emphasis which brings out the significance of the first line, and read, —

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"*If* 'twere done, when '*tis* done then 'twere well."

And yet the proper emphasis of that line was even indicated by Italic letters in Theobald's edition of 1733, although the old destructive punctuation of the whole passage was retained in that edition, as in all others hitherto. — The single exception to which I refer among the comments on this passage is in a masterly analysis of the soliloquy sent by an anonymous correspondent "X" to the *Boston Courier* some time in 1857.

p. 443. "With *his surcease*": — i. e., in my opinion, with *Duncan's* death. (See in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 13th stanza from the end, "If they surcease to be that should survive.") For *Duncan* is sufficiently the subject of *Macbeth's* thoughts to be understood as the antecedent of 'his,' (just as 'it' in the first line of this soliloquy is understood to refer to the murder,) and only by *Duncan's* death could *Macbeth* attain success. But other editors, perhaps, are right in referring 'his' (used as 'its') to 'assassination;' in which case 'surcease' means merely the completion of the murder.

" —— and *shoal* of time": — The folio, "*schoole* of time" — a mere phonographic error, which Theobald corrected.

" We'd *jump* the life to come": — i. e., set it at naught, disregard it. So in *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. 4: "Or jump the after inquiry."

" And falls on th' *other*": — Here 'other' may be used substantively, as equivalent to 'other side,' which reading was given by Hanmer, and has support in the fact that it completes the quota of syllables for a perfect line. Perhaps 'side' was meant to be understood, with reference to the occurrence of the word in the preceding clause of the sentence.

p. 444. "*Like the poor cat i' th' adage*": — The proverb in old English was, The catt wolle fyssh ete, but she wol not her fote wete; in Latin, *Cattus amat piscem, sed non vult tangere flumen.*

" Who dares *do* more is none": — The folio has, "Who dares *no* more is none." Doubts have been cast upon the correction, which was made by the poet Southerne in his copy of the edition of 1685; and Mr. Barron Field and Mr. Hunter have proposed to transfer "Who dares no more is none" to *Lady Macbeth*. But I find all the justification which Southerne's change requires, and more, in this passage of *Measure for Measure*: —

"Be that you are;
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none."
Act II. Sc. 4.

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p. 444. "—— What *beast* was't, then": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has the specious reading, "What *boast* was't, then," which, were it even more plausible, the last two lines of *Macbeth's* preceding speech and the following four of this reply, specifically referring as they do to the distinctive attributes of manhood, would forbid us to adopt.

p. 445. "—— with wine and wassail so *convince*": — i. e., overpower, conquer; the radical sense of the word, in which Shakespeare uses it elsewhere.

" "Of our great *quell?*" — i. e., our murderous act. See the Note on "honeysuckle villain," 2 *Henry the Fourth*, Act II. Sc. 1, p. 537.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

p. 446. "Sent forth great largess to your *offices*": — Possibly we should read, 'your *officers;*' but 'offices,' as meaning the rooms occupied by the officers of *Macbeth's* castle, has an undeniable claim to the place of which we find it in possession.

p. 447. "If you shall cleave to my *consent*": — This may mean, to those who agree with me, to my party. But I think there is not improbably a misprint of 'consort.' So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. Sc. 1: "Wilt thou be of our consort?" and *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. 1: "Yes, Madam, he was of that consort."

p. 448. "—— on thy blade and *dudgeon*": — i. e., hilt or haft.

" "*The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates*": — This line lacks one of the complement of ten syllables; and therefore Steevens read, "The curtained *sleeper*," but with no less injury to the rhythm of the line as a whole than detriment to the poetic sense. Davenant read, "*now* witchcraft celebrates," which is much better.

" "With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*": — The folio, "ravishing *sides*." Pope first read, "ravishing *strides*," which will seem a happy emendation to every cautious person who has stepped through a sick chamber, or any apartment in which there were sleepers whom he did not wish to wake, and who remembers how he did it.

" "—— Thou *sure* and firm-set earth": — The folio has "Thou *sowre*," &c.; and, in the next line, "which *they may* walk" — typographical errors almost too slight and obvious to be mentioned.

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p. 448. "[Scene II. 1623]": — In the folio a new Scene, "*Scena Secunda*," is here indicated, and yet another, "*Scena Tertia*," at the entrance of the *Porter*. But, as we have before seen, the folio is sometimes in error in this respect as well as others, and, indeed, very often entirely fails to mark the divisions of the Acts into Scenes. Here it is so clearly wrong, and so injuriously, that, although its division has obtained till now, there can be no hesitation in deviating from it. For not only is there no change of place, but there is no introduction of new dramatic interest or incident; and without one of these at least, if not all, there is no propriety in breaking the action by the indication of a new Scene. Of yet greater importance is it here that the apparent continuance of the action is vitally essential to the dramatic impression intended to be produced. The ringing of the bell by *Lady Macbeth*, the exit of *Macbeth* upon that prearranged summons, the entrance of the Lady to fill the stage and occupy the mind during her husband's brief absence upon his fearful errand, and to confess in soliloquy her active accession to the murder, the sudden knocking which is heard directly after she goes out to replace the daggers, and which recurs until she warily hurries her husband and herself away lest they should be found watchers, the entrance of the *Porter*, and finally of *Macduff* and *Lenox*, — all this action is contrived with consummate dramatic skill; and its unbroken continuity in one spot, and that a part of the castle common to all its inhabitants, is absolutely necessary to complete its purpose. — To facilitate reference, the old divisions of the Scenes are indicated, as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *King John*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

p. 450. "—— the ravell'd *sleave* of care": — Poole's *English Parnassus*, 1657, affords the best explanation of this word in giving "braided, dangling, sleavy, silken," as epithets proper to be applied to hair.

" "The *death* of each day's life": — Warburton speciously suggested that we should read, "The *birth* of each day's life," forgetting, though a clergyman, what Shakespeare did not forget, that in death the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

" "*Glamis hath murther'd sleep*," &c.: — There are no marks of quotation in the original; and Mr. Hunter plausibly suggests that the voice cried only, "Sleep no more." But these two lines, unless their detailing of *Macbeth's* titles is the utterance of his distempered fancy, sink into a mere conceit unworthy of the situation.

p. 451. "Get on your *nightgown*": — In Macbeth's time, and

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for centuries later, it was the custom for both sexes to sleep without any other covering than that belonging to the bed when a bed was occupied. But of this Shakespeare knew nothing, and, if he had known, he would, of course, have disregarded it. *Macbeth's* nightgown, that worn by *Julius Cæsar*, (Act II. Sc. 2,) and by the Ghost in the old *Hamlet*, (Act III. Sc. 4,) answered to our *robes de chambre*, and were not, as I have found many intelligent people to suppose, the garments worn in bed.

p. 451. "[Scene III. 1623]": — See the Note above on "[Scene II. 1623.]"

p. 452. "—— *old* turning the key": — See the Notes on "an old abusing," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 4, and "We shall have old swearing," *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

p. 453. "And *prophesying*," &c.: — This passage has occasioned not a little conflicting comment, and changes in its punctuation have been proposed, from an erroneous supposition that to prophesy must mean to foretell. But here, in some parts of the Bible, and in other books of the Elizabethan period, (1575–1625, *Jacobo I. non obstante*,) it means, to utter strange or important things, to announce solemnly. See *Proverbs* xxxi. 1, *Ezekiel* xxxvii. 4, 7, and *passim*.

" "—— The *obscure* bird": — The soundness of this reading has not hitherto been questioned; and by the epithet which it contains, the owl may be fitly designated, in allusion to its habits and haunts. But is it not probable that for "the *obscure* bird" we should read "the *obscene* bird"?

p. 456. "*Out-ran* the pauser": — The folio, "Out-*run*," &c., which perhaps should be retained.

" "—— the undivulg'd *pretence*": — i. e., intention. See, just below in this Scene, "What good could they pretend?"

SCENE II.

p. 457. "[Scene IV. 1623]": — See the Note on "[Scene II. 1623."]

p. 458. "—— *the travelling lamp*": — The folio, "the *travailling* lampe," by which spelling (so marked has the distinction grown between 'travel' and 'travail') the image of the sun is quite eclipsed to us, and might have been in a great degree to Shakespeare's first readers.

" "And Duncan's *horse*": — The folio, "*horses*;" but, as 'horse' was, and even is, used as the plural, we may

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safely presume that the *s*, so detrimental to the rhythm, was added superfluously, as it was in the many instances elsewhere mentioned in these Notes.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

p. 459. "—— their speeches *shine*)": — Warburton says that 'shine' means prosper; Johnson, "appear with all the *lustre* of *conspicuous* truth." Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, speciously, "their speeches *shew*."

p. 460. "—— *Let* your Highness command upon me": — D'Avenant, (in his alteration of this play,) Rowe, and Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 read, very plausibly, "*Lay* your Highness' command," &c.

p. 461. "—— have I *fil'd* my mind": — i. e., defiled my mind — a common form of the word of old. So in *Childe Waters*: —

> "And take her up in thine armes twaine
> For filing of her feete."
> Child's *British Ballads*, Vol. III. p. 210.

p. 462. "—— pass'd in *probation* with you,
How you were *borne in hand*": — i. e., passed in proving to you how you were delusively encouraged, supported in a belief of favor. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. 1: "bear her in hand until they come to take hands;" and *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2: "whereat grieved that so his sickness, age, impotence, was falsely borne in hand." The imperative 'bear a hand,' = help quickly, so commonly used on shipboard and in warehouses, is an idiom cognate to this.

p. 463. "*Shoughs*": — i. e., shock dogs.

" "—— the valued *file*": — i. e., the graduated list.

p. 464. "Acquaint you, with *a* perfect spy, o' th' time": — The folio, with but the shadow of a meaning, "Acquaint you with *the* perfect spy o' the time." I have no hesitation in adopting the reading of Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Indeed, when we see that a spy perfect as to the time and place of the murder does join these two, (the 2d Murderer says, Sc. 3, —

> "he delivers
> Our offices, and what we have to do,
> To the direction just,") —

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we may wonder that this correction was left to be discovered in that notorious volume. — Even did not this speech bear so evidently the marks of hasty production, the use of 'with' for 'by' to express means or agency is common enough in our old writers to justify the construction given above.

p. 464. "—— *always thought, that I require a clearness*": — A very loose and elliptical phrase for "it must be always kept in mind that I require to be cleared of all connection with this deed."

SCENE II.

p. 465. "We have *scotch'd* the snake": — The folio, "We have *scorch'd* the snake" — the easiest of misprints, on account of the resemblance between *r* and *t* in old manuscript.

" "*But let the frame of things*," &c.: — This line and the next are very imperfect. But it should be observed that other lines in this speech, and several throughout this Scene, are in the same condition.

p. 466. "Let your *remembrance*": — Here *remembrance* is a quadrisyllable; and, indeed, I am not sure that we should not read, 'remem*ber*ance.'

" "*Unsafe the while, that we must lave*": — i. e., Unsafe is that time in which our royalty is obliged to stoop to flattery. — In the versification of this speech I have followed the folio, upon which it appears impossible to make any improvement.

" "The *shard-borne* beetle": — i. e., the beetle borne upon his shards or scaly wings. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. Sc. 2: "They [Antony and Octavius] are his shards, and he [Lepidus] their beetle." A shard is any thin brittle substance of small size. Job "took a pot-sherd to scrape himself withal;" shirred eggs are so called because they are cooked in an earthen platter; and a cow-shard (the word is applied, I believe, to no other substance of the same nature) has its name because it is thin and becomes scaly upon exposure to the air. Some would have the word here 'shard-*born*,' alluding to the habits of a certain species of beetle; but they must have forgotten the evidence which Shakespeare himself has left us as to his meaning, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. 3.

"shall we find
The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold
Than is the *full-wing'd* eagle?"

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p. 466. "—— Come, *seeling* night": — A word borrowed from falconry. To seel a hawk was to blind her.

SCENE IV.

p. 468. "Our hostess keeps her *state*": — Not her dignity, but her seat upon the canopied dais at the head of the table, which was called a state. *Macbeth* descends and sits "in the midst" with his guests. — When *Falstaff* plays King (*Henry IV.*, Part First, Act II. Sc. 4) he says, "This chair shall be my state."

p. 470. "*The Ghost of Banquo appears*," &c.: — So the folio directs. It has been thought by many, and even recently urged by some, that the Ghost which here appears is *Duncan's*. But aside from the fact that the stage directions of the folio were intended for the prompter, and so could hardly fail to be correct, we must observe that this ghost (unlike that of *Hamlet's* father) is called up only in the distempered brain of a single person, and is seen by no one else. Now, at this time it was the thought of *Banquo* that troubled *Macbeth's* soul, and the ghost appears to him immediately upon his allusion to his murdered friend and fellow-soldier. More than this; *Macbeth's* first words to the apparition are, "Thou canst not say *I* did it," which was exactly what *Duncan* could have said. That this first ghost is *Banquo's* is beyond a doubt; and that the second (before the appearance of which the folio has only, "*Enter Ghost*") is also his, seems almost equally clear from like considerations of *Macbeth's* mental preoccupation with the recent murder, and the appearance of the Ghost again upon a renewed bravadoing attempt to forestall suspicion by the complimentary mention of *Banquo's* name. To all which must be added the direct testimony of Dr. Forman, the writer of a manuscript Diary preserved in the Ashmolean Museum. In a passage in which he has recorded the performance of *Macbeth* at the Globe on the 20th of April, 1610, he says, "The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth."

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p. 472. "*If trembling I inhabit then, protest,*" &c.: — i. e., If then I am encompassed by trembling, and so, if I inhabit trembling, — a use of 'inhabit' so highly figurative, and so exceedingly rare, that it has made this passage the occasion of much controversy, but which is neither illogical nor without example. "But thou art holy, O thou that *inhabitest the praises* of Israel." *Psalm* xxii. 3. — Pope changed 'inhabit' to '*inhibit*,' and Steevens 'then' to '*thee*,' the passage then standing, "If, trembling, I inhibit thee" — i. e., If, trembling, I refuse or forbid thee. Eminent editors and commentators have accepted the original reading, but with the sense equally forced and puerile: "If I remain trembling within my castle, then protest me," regarding the language as a protestation by *Macbeth* that "he will not refuse to meet Banquo in the desert." Either Pope's and Steevens' text, or the latter explanation of the original, has hitherto been given.

" "The *baby* of a girl": — i. e., a girl's doll. Girls still retain this use of the word in 'baby-house.' They rarely or never say, 'doll-house,' or 'doll's house.'

p. 473. "—— the natural ruby of your *cheek*": — The folio, "your *cheeks*," which Malone and his successors hitherto have retained, reading, "*are* blanch'd" in the next line — a kind of reconciliation which an editor of these plays is obliged to make constantly, and as silently as he corrects his own proofs. But we should read 'cheek' here, and retain the 'is blanch'd' of the folio, because Shakespeare, when he makes the cheek a sign, or exponent, or type, uses the word in the singular number. For numerous instances, it is only necessary to refer the reader to Mrs. Clarke's Concordance. The *s* was added in this instance by the carelessness in that respect so often elsewhere noted.

" "There's not a *man* of them": — The folio, "There's not a *one* of them" — an expression of which only Shakespeare's own hand and seal could convince me that he was guilty, especially when, if he had wished to use the numeral noun, the most natural expression would have been, "There *is not one* of them." — Theobald read, "There's not a *thane* of them" — a violent change. For the slighter one in the text I am responsible.

Scene V.

p. 474. "Why, how now, *Hecate!*" — Hecate was a mystical Greek goddess, a divinity of the lower world, of whose

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individuality and functions the profoundest scholars and acutest investigators have found difficulty in obtaining an exact notion. Some of her attributes were also those of the Greek Artemis and the Latin Diana. She was represented as having three heads — one of a horse, one of a dog, and one of a lion. A spectral being herself, she it was who sent at night demons, and phantoms, and disembodied souls upon the earth. — Hence Shakespeare has been censured for mixing her up with vulgar Scotch witches, smelling of snuff and usquebaugh. But he sinned in this regard with many better scholars than himself; and, had he not such companionship, his shoulders could bear the blame, as they also could that of pronouncing the name *Hec-at* instead of *Hec-a-te*.

p. 474. "—— *beldams* as you are": — See the Note on "the old beldame Earth," 2 *Henry the Fourth*, Act III. Sc. 1, p. 403.

p. 475. "[*Song, accompanied*," &c.: — In the folio the prompter's warning appears two lines above, "*Musicke and a Song;*" and here the direction is, "*Song within. Come away, come away*," &c. — A song, or, rather, a musical dialogue, beginning, "Come away," is found in Middleton's *Witch*, Act III. Sc. 3. It is very fantastic and irregular, and opens thus: —

"*Song Above.*

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Voice above.*] Here," &c.

SCENE VI.

" "*Who cannot want the thought*," &c.: — A careful consideration of this passage, and a recollection of the mistakes that I have made myself and known others to make, have led me unwillingly to the belief that Malone may have been in the right in his opinion that, although the sense requires, "Who *can* want the thought," the text is as Shakespeare wrote it, and that the disagreement between the words and the thought is due to a confusion of thought which Shakespeare may have sometimes shared with inferior intellects.

p. 476. "—— The *son* of Duncan": — The folio, "The *sons*," &c., with manifest error, as also at the end of the speech, where it has, "Hath so exasperate *their* king."

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ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

p. 477. "*Harpier* cries": — Thus the folio, with perhaps a misprint of 'Harpie.'

" "Toad, that under [*the*] cold stone": — The folio has, "Toad that *under cold* stone" — a line so detrimentally defective that we gladly, though perhaps unwarrantably, accept Pope's emendation.

p. 478. "Of the *ravin'd* salt-sea shark": — i. e., the *ravening* shark — the perfect participle for the present, according to the custom of Shakespeare's day.

" "—— a tiger's *chaudron*": — The chaudron seems to have been the *omentum* or rim; it was certainly some part of the entrails.

" "*Enter Hecate*": — The folio has, "*Enter Hecat and the other three Witches.*" But "the other three Witches" are plainly those already on the stage. Such superfluity in stage direction is common in our old dramatic literature.

" "*Music and a song, 'Black spirits,'*" &c.: — This song is also found in Middleton's *Witch*, Act V. Sc. 2: —

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
Titty, Tiffin,
Keep it stiff in:
Firedrake, Puckey,
Make it lucky;
Lizard, Robin,
You must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about!
All ill come running in, all good keep out!"

p. 479. "Of Nature's *germins*": — Germins are sprouting seeds. The word is here used in the largest figurative sense.

p. 480. "—— *the round*
"And *top* of sovereignty?" — Upon this passage Dr. Johnson remarks, "The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that rises above it;" and, strange to say, to this very day this prosaic explanation of that which needs no explanatory comment has been repeated by editor after editor, and generally without giving its author credit for it. — Shakespeare makes *Macbeth* call the crown "the round of sovereignty" here and elsewhere — first, obviously, in

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allusion to the form of the ornament. That is prose; but immediately his poetic eye sees that a crown is the external sign of the complete possession of a throne. It is the visible evidence that the royalty of its wearer lacks nothing, but is "*totus, teres, atque rotundus*" — that it is finished, just as "our little life is *rounded* with a sleep." But the crown not only completes (especially in the eye of *Macbeth*, the usurper) and rounds, as with the perfection of a circle, the claim to sovereignty, but it is figuratively the top, the summit, of ambitious hopes. Shakespeare often uses 'top' in this sense — e. g., "the top of admiration," "the top of judgment," "the top of honor," "the top of happy hours." All this flashed upon Shakespeare, through his mind's eye, as he saw the circlet upon the top of the child's head. Dr. Johnson's note is a fair specimen of his ability to comprehend and elucidate the *poetry* of Shakespeare. Learned and wise as he was, the power of sympathetic apprehension of the higher and subtler beauties of poetry, possessed by many a man whose only skill in letters is to read and write, seems to have been lacking in the great moralist.

p. 481. "*Rebellion's head*, rise never": — The folio, "*Rebellious dead*," &c. Theobald read, "*Rebellious head;*" Hanmer, "*Rebellion's head*," — the latter being manifestly the true reading, as the previous speech of the crowned apparition shows. It was also found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632.

p. 482. "That *two-fold balls and treble sceptres* carry": — An allusion to the union of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which took place under James I.

" "For the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo": — 'Bolter' was a Warwickshire word, meaning to smear, daub, or clot. See the Variorum of 1821 *in loc.*

" "Saw you the *weird* sisters?" — Here 'weird' is a dissyllable. See the Note on "the weird sisters," Act I. Sc. 3 of this play.

p. 483. "But no more *sprites*": — The folio, "But no more *sights*," where there seems to be very clearly a misprint of 'sprights,' the most common spelling of that word in Shakespeare's day, and that which is almost invariably used in the folio. As, for instance, in the following lines of this play, (Act III. Sc. 5,) which announce the very visions that *Macbeth* has just seen, and to which he refers: —

> "And that distilled by Magicke slights
> Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

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As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion."

See also the following passage in Commenius' *Gate of the Latine Tongue Unlocked*, 1656: "Evill Spirits, when they appear in the person of som man that dyed evilly, are called Ghosts, ['*Larvæ*';] when they terrifie men at other times Sprits, ['*Spectra*.'] " p. 307. But in the edition of the same work published in 1685 this passage affords an example of the very misprint in question: "when they otherwise affright folk, *sights*." p. 326. — Mr. Collier's folio has, "*flights*" — the only correction hitherto proposed.

SCENE II.

p. 484. "*Shall* not be long": — Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 has, "'*T shall* not," &c. — But we have here only the omission of the pronoun, so common in the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare's day, and which is remarked upon elsewhere in this work.

p. 486. "—— thou *shag-hair'd* villain": — The folio, "shag-*ear'd*" — an easy corruption of "shag-*hear'd*," the commonest spelling of 'shag-hair'd.' We owe the correction to Steevens. Shag-hair seems to have meant somewhat more than merely dishevelled hair. "For covering they have either hair or *shag-hair*. — Pro integumento habent vel pilos vel *villos*." *Gate of the Latine Tongue Unlocked*, 1656, p. 46, 47.

SCENE III.

p. 487. "As I shall find the time *to friend*": — i. e., to befriend me: — an elision not uncommon of old.

" "You may *deserve* of him through me, and *wisdom*": — The folio misprints, "You may *discerne*" — an error which Theobald corrected. — Should we read, "and wisdom *'tis*"?

p. 488. "The title is *affeer'd*": — i. e., confirmed — an old law term of the manor courts, from the French *affier*.

p. 489. "*Convey* your pleasures," &c.: — 'Convey' seems to be used here to mean secretly enjoy. We know that in the slang of Shakespeare's day it meant purloin. But the line is an obscure one throughout, yet rather, I think, from want of care in the writing than from corruption in the printing.

p. 490. "Than *summer-seeming* lust": — i. e., I think, than lust which seems to have but a summer's life, compared with that of deeper-rooted avarice. But Warburton

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